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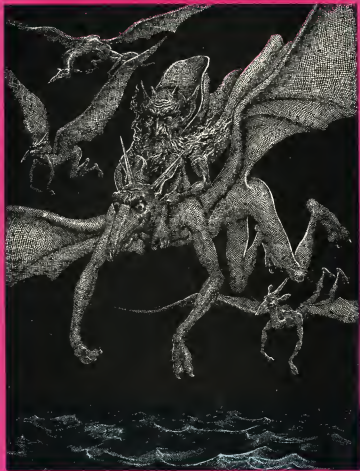
SUMMER

NO. 20



# CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN







**CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN**—Vol. 2, No. 4 (whole no. 206, Summer, 1973). Published bimonthly by Gothic Castle Publishing Co. Inc., 509 8th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Contents are protected under International Literary Rights regulations, and all rights are strictly reserved. Nothing may be reprinted without permission. CONTRIBUTIONS are welcome but should be accompanied by sufficient postage and envelope.

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## FRANKENSTEIN

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**WRAPAROUND** Cover, in Super CoFanoam:  
The 2nd panoramic depiction of The Woman  
in Red World of RAY HARRYHAUSEN, by  
artist Maelo Simon.

# Letters



Speaking of a "victory"—we've noted Col's price tag to 75¢ based mostly on your vote of confidence, after we waited your opinion whether or not you considered it a good idea. Well, there wasn't even one (1) negative vote out of dozens of letters. Also, we looked around and tried up what the "competition" has to offer and it changes. Needless to say, it will now be possible to publish Col's bimonthly! Also, there's a chance of a couple of Col's "Specials" in the near future, meaning a possibility of 7 or 8 different Col's per year. Since we're now undergoing a transition, don't fret, save or close the walls with your letters if you don't see us 100% on "schedule" at first. Reorganizing, new circulation controls, etc., are now in effect, and we're getting there. — Cal Beck —

## TALENT HUNT NEWS

Getting Col out more often will mean more material for us, even considering the idea of a companion mag, which retains keeping as busy and more involved than ever putting rack time together. This opens the doors wide open, of course, to those who've got a flair for doing reviews, articles, interviews and so on. Col has never been 100% "rag" controlled in the past and will even be less so in the future. Your only requirement is that you feel you know your stuff. Better yet if you've already proved your ability, whether in fan or pro-mag. This way your chance of acceptance may be better. Photos accompanying articles and reviews help a lot and will be returned on publication, of course, or immediately if we already have similar photo material on file. Above all—no. must be typewritten and double-spaced, otherwise it plays hell on ya and suffering on all three eyes.

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## 8mm FILM REVIEWS

Dear Cal, How about a review column of 8mm films? With a half dozen different distributors of horror, science fiction and adventure films at the moment today (not to mention year ones), there is virtually no guide to go by. Of course, most 8mm film are adequate enough as far as nostalgia goes (writing to their original feature film length formats), but for unseen films the consumer is buying blind. Reviews of full-length films are not necessary of assistance since a dozen-out boring movie may be effectively added to an exceptional 12 minute conformation, and a good movie (described of sound and poorly edited) may make a lousy 8mm short.

I myself started collecting 8mm films several months ago, nostalgia guiding most of my purchases. Of a quantity purchased, the only ones I have bought since I began are three from Republic's CAPTAIN MARVEL serial. The Return of Captain Marvel was excellent! The Curse of the Scorpion was good, and Captain Marvel and The Deathly was poor.

Soon I will undoubtedly be buying more films which I have never seen, and I would really appreciate a small review column to keep me from spending too much on bad films. Bruce Lemp, Box 2184, Whitaker, Cal 95710.

—As 8mm review column is a real idea. Anyone interested in handling it?—CTB.

## CORRECTION

Dear Cal, Col No. 19 was very good. Your interview with the great Mr. Harryhausen was a real treat to fans of SFantasy films every-

where. I'm eagerly looking forward to part 2. I would like to point out one thing which I feel was a small error. On page 16 the picture is said to be of Willie Coopers. I know that it is not. At first I thought it was Harryhausen himself, but now I feel it is a picture of Martin C. Cooper. He was of course co-author, co-director and co-producer of King Kong. If it is indeed Mr. Cooper, perhaps you can indicate so in your next issue.

Robert W. Murray, apt. 2-B, 145 72nd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11203.

—We stand corrected, it was the late Martin C. Cooper, not O'Brien, an understandable error since both great men didn't even look alike! One even better than that is the goof-off daps! The very same photo was "identified" in a recent hardcover book, depicting entries to some of the major SF/fantasy films, as a photo of Edgar Wallace! The pic was, of course, taken in 1933, the year of KING'S release, or perhaps even the next year. The co-author of KING, Wallace, died in 1932.—CTB.

Dear Col: Your magazine is the best edited and best written in its field; but a few minor criticisms. I feel your cover is spoiled by the lamppost at the bottom. I wish the title of your mag could be done more artistically for your cover—it is poorly lettered, and I wish it were neater and made more attractive, distinctive and eye-catching. I hope the best I want you to sell your magazine. I love it and want to keep reading it. Your competitor, Famous Monsters, does a better job with their title on the cover. But, of course, I'm a superficial, ego-maniac, badly written—really morose. I would use fewer words, but I don't have the technical knowledge of words like "right," etc. Your illustrations for your very own department, the excellent work of the rest of Col's, as Mike Hooch, Basil, and Inside Frankenstein. Those cartoons are coming and so are the names. As I said, my minor criticisms.

I missed your "Tales From the Crypt" review. But if a movie deserves being criticized, get GRACULA 1972, or ASYLUM. TALES FROM THE CRYPT was better than those two dreadful. Your cartoon remarks putting down comic books makes me wonder if you've looked at any lately. Many of them are quite good, few do not mean good, old does not mean bad—this in reference to your remarks that comic books and movies are not innovative, which I do not agree with. As I said, minor criticisms. Your mag is great. Ron Peterson, 5286 W. Windsor, Chicago, IL 60639.

—We're really been concerned about our layouts for a long time. Ron, they are, perhaps, indicative of our personality: hurried, hasty but "done." It's possible we've been too concerned—maybe too much—over the quality of written rather than visual content, we may have developed a blind spot. Maybe. Personally, there are some things I'd thought of removing. All the cover filmstrip since I think it takes away a lot from content. On the other hand, others have told me that has been one of our long-time problems as a Col "mode mark," that removing it would be a serious mistake. I dunno... however, how about leaving it up to all of you by taking a vote? Not only about our covers but on anything you'd like altered or improved inside Col? Okay? — My polar about comics last issue (about being in a rut, definite, etc.) I don't much like forcing it but it is a sin, but that the "best comic" — apart from Super Hero chatter — for the most part seem to be based on the few works of authors who wrote their material 35 or more years ago, e.g. Robert E. Howard and E.R. Burroughs. This seems, to me anyway, an indictment and shows lack of creativity and imagination. Whether comic editors or authors are to be blamed

Last issue we revealed some of the problems our publication's had for a long time getting proper distribution in various areas around the country. Quite a large number of you reacted magnificently, it seems, and Col's is now being sent to better advantage. And we're all quite ecstatic over that beautiful display of loyalty. The next step for all of you protest demonstrations, in large numbers of course, public parades and community signs, marching up and down the main streets to make the world more aware of Col's. And, naturally, a little sky-writing from a few airplanes wouldn't hurt.

Seriously—the problem of proper distribution is literally licked yet, not only does it still effect us badly but other worthy publications as well.

Bad publications are always abundant when they die, others take their place. Good mag, therefore, must always have to "fight" to stay alive. As the ACLU's motto puts it, "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." And your right to have publications made available that you want is a battle that you must share with a publisher. You have the power to do it by applying the proper pressures in areas that are answer of who's happening, or which may seem lazy, stupid or indifferent. In a big way, you're fighting Censorship when you make a demand for a publication that exists but is being denied from being made available to you. There's little need to elaborate, of course, on the demands of Censorship, whether it includes mag, radio, TV, films, or your right to know the news in all media. So, keep up the good fight. We'll all have something to show, especially when the victory is so sweet.

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Keep those cards and letters pouring in, gang!**

doesn't alter the stigma. As a whole, comic book art is superior, greater than it's ever been (except for EC in the early '50s)—on the other hand, there's so much really terrific stuff going on in Underground comic that the Establishment books pale by comparison. Not to get sidetracked—present art quality in the comics industry is from okay to even great all that's now required are better writers or editors—or both. —Dwayne, though, as ASTYLEM. It's one of the few good jobs America created in the past few years. All the stories hang together—the film has a thematic feeling, partly superior to CRYPT'S throw-together look. Taking a bunch of short subjects and putting them together does not require the amount of skill it takes to create a true feature-length film—especially when most of the shorts are, individually, hardly as good as most segments of TWILIGHT 2000E and NIGHT GALLERY. The same problem that afflicted CRYPT also hurt VAULT OF HORROR (see the article in this issue). —CTB

**CRONKITE, SEVERID & Co.**

Dear Cal, Please, please leave the social commentary to Walter Cronkite, Eric Sevareid and others, and keep COF pure SFantasy. If I wanted to read about Vietnam and Cambodian atrocities, I'd pick up a copy of Time or the like. With that off my chest, I would like to compliment you on the quality of your terrific mag. Especially the story on Hangehman and his animation effects. The man is a genius. About riding COF to 75¢ and submitting every 60 days, I say HODDLYA! But, only if you can lower the rates high standards as you have shown in all past issues. Do NOT bring COF down to the level of your competitors. You're not the best mag of its kind around, keep it that way. —K. L. B. Box 58878, 217 10th Avenue S., St. Paul, Minn. 55075.

—Why should we avoid crawling over into Cronkite's and Sevareid's "territory" when they're making a fortune describing monsters and relating even worse horror stories? Seriously, remember what the Great Bard said "All like world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players."

The point is, we're all in the same drama, more so than ever these days. The question is whether one wishes to be an independent performer or a puppet, a programmed robot? It's strange how quickly even SFantasy fans forget that social problems, "relevance" and related issues have been the backbone of some of our genre's greatest productions, otherwise we'd never have THE TROPICAL THINGS TO COME, Kubrick's best work, NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD, etc. Since we must live a life filled with contrasts and variety to stay reasonably healthy and intelligent, there's no doubt that total "escape" into a world of fantasy and whammy is not only normal but a safety valve in order to cope with reality. That's why CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN is dedicated to SFantasy. But—if I thought for one minute that this world which I live in so much were threatened by ugly, little monsters calling themselves "politicians" or influenced by other evil forces, I'd consider myself incompetent to ignore such conditions and not pretend others of them.

If for the moment we seem to be approaching social issues, however, etc. it is because of the tremendous impact that TV and all news media have had in unworking the whole rotten condition of our society. The press

has never seemed to cover itself more with glory than these days. We'd better on the fully tough case trying to match them. It's too bad the press always won't like this in the past. And, in answer to many who've asked, "But why is it only recently that the press has been uncovering all the terrible gangster-like corruptions and decay in our Society?" —

Had people like Daniel Ellsberg, the Press, concerned senators, congressmen and other "good" folk (yes, Virginia, there are a few around, believe it or not) not gotten together, most Americans might have been as deep as the streets, eating the bark off trees and in a Depression making that of the Thirties seem like a period of prosperity. Even now there's no guarantee if we'll be able to pull out of this with our skins on. And as important as we're used to be most of our lives, isn't it strange how the whole USA has been on the brink of total collapse each time the Republican Party has been in power? Is it that we're trying to save the Democratic Party's cause, since we've good reason to feel most politics have not only been a monstrous waste, for the most part, but have created a Super-Bureaucracy that resembles an idiot woman whose pronouncements keep turning out to be childlike. Somewhere there's got to be a good answer to this whole mess, and damned if we're going to try solving it in this space. Anyway, suit today —CTB.

**BELA**

Dear Cal: I would find like to say that Cal is a fantastic book to read and to look at. Now if I may, I would like to ask you (maybe a difficult question: Do you know if Bela Lugosi is still living today and, if he is, how old is he, as well as anything else you can tell about him.

Vincent Capone, 74 Summer St., East Boston, Mass. 02128.

—Most authorized sources seem to agree that Bela was born in 1882 in Hungary. This would have made him seventy-four when he died in Hollywood, Calif., in 1956. Other less reliable sources say he was born in 1884 and even 1887, but each date are more than likely, some of the typical misinformation that's come up in studio releases and pressbook info. Before arriving in the U.S. in 1923, Bela appeared in many Hungarian and some German made films—the exact number isn't known, especially since he took on many extra roles in his earlier days while busily engaged in his parts in various Budapest studios when he wasn't appearing on the stage doing Shakespeare, Hamlet and Cleopatra. Before getting steady work from Hollywood, Bela organized a Hungarian stock company in the U.S. and even did off-Broadway work in Greenwich Village in the Twenties. Unfortunately, Bela's career hit perhaps more tragic than that of any of the major horror stars. Even his death was tragic. And he lived on only a few months longer. He was planning a comeback, in 1956, he might have been tremendously motivated to see many of his best films shaking up some of the highest TV ratings when they began getting released for tube-viewing in 1957. It's really a tragedy that, at least, he couldn't have known about it. —CTB

**NASTY SEX & OBSCENITY**

Dear CoF: This is my first letter to you and my first opinion. Your magazine has been



hastily going and obscure covers since no. 15 to no. 19. I have the last two issues and made both are filled with lurid pictures as EL TORO, VAMPIRE CIRCUS, COUNTLESS DRACULA, THINGS OF EVIL, and a four-page insert on A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, which was rated X, then cut to an R rating. I thought this magazine was supposed to be for kids! [We thought you knew that only TRIX is for kids! Silly rabbit... etc.] Getting into another subject, I wish you would do a report on each of my favorite horror movies.

WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH, ONE MILLION YEARS B.C., CREATURES OF THE DEEP, THE CRIMSON CURSE, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HELL, EN? THE OMEGA MAN  
Sergio Fernandez, 784 Macon, Coral Gables, Fla. 33134.

—Of course, it's just coincidental that practically each film you name has its fair quote of "sex," eh, Sergio? Not to mention that Raquel Welch's fetching physique and ample bust in ONE MILLION B.C. not only helped make the film a box financial success but launched her directly into stardom! She later went around a very long time, as no reason to knock it except those who've preconceived it brainwashing others into looking at art. On the other hand, it's not everything in life, otherwise things might be different and we'd be publishing a "nude" magazine instead. But if sex is relevant to a film or CoF interest, we'll be happy if we do a little routine and write it out. The problem is that many SFantasy films have a large quantity of unimportant sex scenes created before release in order to gain wide distribution in countries like ours where we have a professional brain-beaters interfering with our right to enjoy ourselves, but telling ourselves about the glories of war, even though we're a nation of pacifists that I tell us the husband-the-boss category. Because of the long time that have been created and fostered by ignored (continued on page 31)



# ay

Part Two and the conclusion  
of an interview with the  
man acclaimed to be  
the greatest  
Fantasy Film  
animator of  
all time.





# Harryhausen

*Interviewers:  
Harry Nadler and  
Dave Trengore*

*Q— The Hydra is beautiful; too's he,  
with such fine detail*

*RH— Yes, he was one of the most com-  
plicated things to do outside of the  
skeleton in JASON. Sometimes, in the  
skeleton fight, I only averaged 15 frames  
a day.*

*Q— Do you have those printed each  
day?*

*RH— In some cases I have to, yes; but  
I try to get enough footage for a cut  
before I break it. I used to have to send  
it in because of temperature control—*





Full course dinner MYSTERIOUS ISLAND style. Top to bottom: the Big Chicken that never got across the road; the Red Lobster (sans any Socialist Institutionalism); and Herbert Lam as the heroic Captain Nemo (Wesley McKay was inspired to give him his comic strip son, "Little Nemo").

the temperature changes at night when the set is closed down. When we were making SINBAD it was necessary to break the film otherwise the color values would change. But now they have made new types of film stock which are not as sensitive to this problem.

**Q—** Does Talos have a metallic cover, or is it a rubber finish made to look like bronze?

**RH—** It is rubber painted with a bronze finish. He has shrunk a lot as all of the rubber animals do. The heat of the lights tend to dry out the moisture and finally the rubber becomes tight.

**Q—** Perhaps you could settle an argument and tell us whether the Giant Turtle, like the Mysterious Island crab, was real, or did you make it?

**RH—** Oh, no—that was made. It had a fiber glass shell, and the rest was all rubber.

**Q—** Of all your creations, the Moon Calves in *FIRST MEN IN THE MOON* must have had the most appendages.

**RH—** He was one of the most difficult to animate because of all the little segments.

**Q—** They went in waves . . .

**RH—** Yes, and of course the waves are very hard to simulate because of working with rubber and not in swaying, throbbing flesh. The blur on the film that one gets in photographing fast moving things are most difficult to duplicate in animation. During the filming of a fast bit of animation, each frame is as sharp as the next one, which sometimes gives the effect of jerkiness.

**Q—** And this is Guang, of course?

**RH—** Yes. As you can see he is on a much bigger scale than the *Allosaurus* we used in *ONE MILLION YEARS BC*. It was also necessary to design a different skin texture and different coloring. *GWANG* had to be able to snarl, bleed, blink and do many more things in front of the camera because he was seen throughout the film. The *BC Allosaurus* was only seen in a short sequence.

**Q—** At the National Film Theatre, when asked why a real man was used in the clashing rocks sequence in *JASON*, you answered that if it is possible to use a real person, you will do so. Why, then, did you not use live action in the Talos sequence?

**RH—** I have always believed that there is no point in animating anything you can photograph successfully in the normal course of photography. There are,

of course, always exceptions, particularly if it may place an actor in great danger. We had to animate Raquel Welch being picked up in the pterodactyl's claws for obvious reasons. A creature like Talos was really ideal for animation because he was supposed to be stiff and mechanical in his movements. It made it necessary for me to make him deliberately jerky. The difference in the technique used in *KING KONG*, and *KING KONG VS GODZILLA* must be very obvious. Although there are times when I wonder if the reviewers and audience really are aware. Many times I read a review about the wonderful Japanese animations, and as far as I can tell they have never used the technique of dimensional animation.

**Q—** Have you ever seen anything of the work of Karl Ziemann?

**RH—** Once or twice, yes. He does some very interesting work.

**Q—** His films never seem to get any decent release other than children's matinees.

**RH—** This is because the producers do not put the commercial possibilities in films which theater audiences seem to want. For example—our original script *FIRST MEN IN THE MOON* did not have a woman going along to the Moon. Nor did the original novel. But the "powers" that be, from experience, felt certain elements must be in a film, particularly a woman so that other women can identify themselves. This is just one example.

**Q—** Were there any plans to shoot the film according to the novel?

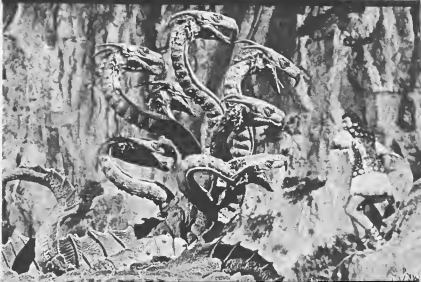
**RH—** Well, there were plans at an early stage, but again it isn't a commercial proposition. It would appeal to the people who like to see novels put on the screen the way they were written; but I think they are in the minority. For the visuals—it's one thing to read something, but another to put it on the screen in the best "visual" manner.

**Q—** Possibly we were too close to the real moon landings to portray the moon as Wells envisioned it with flowers growing in the daylight hours.

**RH—** Of course, in the days when the novel was first put on the market there were few ways of proving or disproving whether there may be a small amount of atmosphere on the moon. But with today's advancements it is so well known that the moon has no atmosphere that an audience would quickly lose interest in the picture if it wasn't made at least half believable.



Now in production is Harryhausen's SINGAPORE'S GOLDEN VOYAGE, but one of its releases, as and most others favorite is the fabulous JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS. Years in the making, it required more work than any Harryhausen production to date.





Scenes from **FIRST MEN IN THE MOON**. Above: If the Moon were lit from so on up, the giant Moonbeast is its worm. Below: Edward Judd involved in conflict with a Saboteur. Lionel Jeffries and Judd fighting with Zelevans in bottom photo. Opposite page: Seaweed grows once more that word porchant for hawkerlocking people at Prof. Caver (left) freely struggles. But, then, "Poor Caver"—he did have such a dreadful cold. . .

**Q** — We've just finished researching an article on 3D for the magazine. Have you ever been interested in doing anything in 3D?

**RH** — Yes, I made several tests after **THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS**. In fact, I used the Beast for the tests. We were going to make our next film in 3D but the plans were suddenly dropped. This was fortunate as 3D was not here to stay. Although visually the test proved it could work with rear projection, for an animated picture it was very impractical. It could take up as much as three times the production time as a normal animated film.



**Q** — Have you ever tried a tracking shot in *Dynamation*?

**RH** — Oh, yes, many times. I used to do the most complicated crane shots in some of the fairy tales I made in 16 mm. But they all take a great deal of time to set up, calculate, etc., and when one is involved in a feature it sometimes does not pay to spend so much time on just one shot.

**Q** — If by some miracle you were given an unlimited budget, what would you like to film?

**RH** — Quite a number of stories. There are many story lines I would love to develop but I've chucked them into my files as "impractical." I would have liked to have made **JASON** much more elaborate, but I think we did a remarkable job of production with the money we had to work with.

**Q** — We understand that **KING KONG** was the inspirational point of your career. But were you interested in fantasy before this?

**RH** — Yes, I have always been interested in the unusual. I teetted on **FRANKENSTEIN**, **THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**, **DRACULA** and **THE LOST WORLD**. But I also love a good musical or a good drama as well. The appeal of the unusual is the imagination used in their basic ideas and, of course, how well they were made. I remember vaguely my first impression of the original **LOST WORLD**. But it wasn't until **KING KONG** came into being where the technique was more perfected and the addition of sound and music made films more vivid that it really left the impression on me to want to make animation my career.

**Q** — **THE LOST WORLD** was way ahead of its time, wasn't it?

**RH** — It was, and it still holds up quite well—it has some very good things in it. It's a pity the remake wasn't done in animation.

**Q** — Especially with Willis O'Brien on it.


**RH** — Yes, he always wanted to remake it with color and sound but no one seemed to be too interested in putting up the money and time it would take.

**Q** — Do you think that may be why they didn't use animation in the remake?

**RH** — Perhaps. As they years go by it becomes more and more difficult to make animated pictures. Mainly because of the time involved.

**Q** — Do you think **KONG** would have been any better in color?





RH— Not really. You may get a bit smoother animation today, but I do not think that alone would improve the picture. Certain scenes were jerky by today's standards, but again many other scenes would be impossible to duplicate or improve upon. There was an inspiration reflected in the picture which is difficult to capture in films today. In the 30's everyone throughout the different departments had more interest because KONG was sort of a new adventure, an experiment. Many pictures today simply do not excite this interest.

Q.— Do you prefer to work in color or black and white?

RH— One can do much more in black and white. I think there are certain subjects I would still prefer to do in black and white. But most distributors want color and will often refuse to play a black and white picture.

Q.— We were discussing earlier that if Hitchcock had directed the skeleton fight in SINBAD, there would have been some very terrified moviegoers. The sequence could have been much more dramatic.

RH— Yes, there is no doubt about it. As I said before, we do not have Hitchcock budgets nor reach the same audience. We were not striving to make a frightening, horrific scene because of the loss of a big percentage of the audience of young people. As it is, a number of reviewers found the picture too tense for children and called it an Arabian Nightmare.

Q.— But at the moment there are some really macabre films that are selling well.

RH— Yes, but this is a different age altogether. Things are put on the screen today which in the past simple good taste would forbid. I think this is quite questionable as to if this is actually progress.

In ONE MILLION B.C., even poorer photo-effects prefer portraying Ruggen Weich.



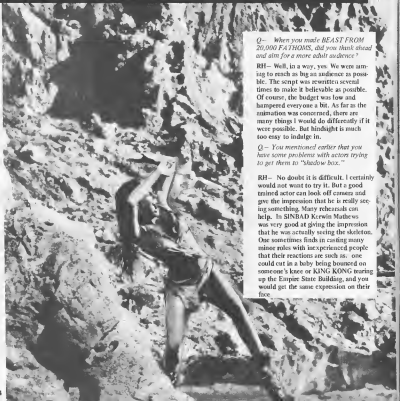



*Q— When you made BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS, did you think ahead and aim for a more adult audience?*

*RH— Well, in a way, yes. We were aiming to reach as big an audience as possible. The script was rewritten several times to make it believable as possible. Of course, the budget was low and hampered everyone a bit. As far as the animation was concerned, there are many things I would do differently if it were possible. But hindsight is much too easy to indulge in.*

*Q— You mentioned earlier that you have some problems with actors trying to get them to "shadow box."*

*RH— No doubt it is difficult. I certainly would not want to try it. But a good trained actor can look off camera and give the impression that he is really seeing something. Many rehearsals can help. In SINBAD Kerwin Mathews was very good at giving the impression that he was actually seeing the skeleton. One sometimes finds in casting many minor roles with inexperienced people that their reactions are such as: one could cut in a baby being bounced on someone's knee or KING KONG tearing up the Empire State Building, and you would get the same expression on their face.*





Scenes from ONE MILLION B.C.  
Left (inset): Triceratops and Ceratopsians in a dispute over territorial rights, like any modern beast. Below: Tyrannosaurus Rex, among many red blooded enemies, also threatening to attack Raquel.



Ray Harryhausen in three rare behind-the-scenes photos, found in the process of arranging his parodytyle for **THE VALLEY OF THE GIANTS** (originally titled, "The Valley Where Time Stood Still"). — *Capacitor press: In the Valley of the Gorge Jelly Mean Glass.*

**Q—** You had a little trouble with the tanks while shooting **20 MILLION**...

**RH—** Yes, they'd just lain the tarmac around the Coliseum a few days before. When the tanks were brought in they tore up all the tarmac. We felt badly about it but there was little we could do. It was rather amusing to watch the tourists as they were watching the company filming. Most of our actors and extras were always looking up to the top of the Coliseum, pointing and, in general, full of excitement. It worried the tourists quite a bit that nothing of any particular importance was actually going on atop the building.

**Q—** **20 MILLION** contains your prettiest piece of animation in the scene where the Ymir hatches from its egg. But we also felt that in the Ymir's battle with the elephant, the elephant looks too large!





RR— I'm afraid it was because I was carried away with memories of a cartoon I once saw in Merian Cooper's office during the filming of MIGHTY JOE YOUNG. The cartoon was from KONG showing the great ape in front of the camera with the figure of Cooper jumping up and down on his hat shouting: "Make it bigger. Make it bigger!" So, I thought, well, let's have a big elephant. Unfortunately, the

live elephant we were able to get was only about eight feet tall, so we got a very short actor to play the trainer which, by scale, made the elephant look very large.

Q— Mr. Harryhausen, thank you very much.

Interviewers: *HARRY NADLER*  
*DAVE TRENGOVE*





Ray Harryhausen points out visual details to his Harryhausen to producer Charles G. Brown. It was the making of MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

## The RAY HARRYHAUSEN Filmography

Between 1946 and 1953 Ray Harryhausen animated a series of four exquisitely delightful fairy tale fantasy films (somewhat similar in style and effect as the George Pal "Puppetoons" on which he also worked for awhile). Each averages ten minutes in length, all in beautiful color, and entirely created from start to finish by Ray. They were produced by Bailey Film Associates (who still control distribution rights) and are sometimes—though rarely—seen through the facilities of PBS/NET-TV.

**MOTHER GOOSE STORIES.** 1946—associate: Fred Blau; costume: Martha Resko. **THE STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.** 1940—associate: Fred Blau; costume: Martha Resko.

**THE STORY OF RAPUNZEL.** 1952—associate: Fred Blau; costume: Martha Resko. **THE STORY OF KING NIKAS.** 1953—associate: Fred Blau; costume: Martha Resko.

### The Feature Films

**NIGHT JOE YOUNG** (94 min.—RKO, 1949; black and white, with five sequences filmed in color).

Chief technician: Willis O'Brien. Harryhausen was one of several effects men along with Marcel Delgado, George Loefgren, Haruki Stone and others.

**THE DEATH FROM 20,000 FATHOMS** (80 min.—Warner—1953). Technical effects by Harryhausen; special effects by Willis Cook. **THE ANIMAL WORLD** (89 min.—Warner—1955). Special visual effects: Willis O'Brien, Ray Harryhausen and Arthur S. Rhodes.

**IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA** (78 min.—Columbia—1955). Technical effects: Harryhausen; special effects: Jack Eitel son.

**EARTH VS. THE FLYING SAUCERS** (83 min.—Columbia—1956). Technical effects: Harryhausen; special effects: Russ Kelley.

**20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH** (82 min.—Columbia—1957). Effects by Harryhausen.

**THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD** (89 min.—Columbia—1959—Color). Effects by Harryhausen; assistant: George Loefgren.

**THE THREE WORLDS OF GULLIVER** (100 min.—Columbia—1960—Color). Effects by Harryhausen.

**MYSTERIOUS ISLAND** (100 min.—Columbia—

1961—Color). Effects by Harryhausen.

**JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS** (U.S. running time: 50 min.; foreign: 104 min.—Columbia—1963—Color). Associate producer and special effects: Harryhausen.

**FIRST MEN IN THE MOON** (105 min.—Columbia—1964—Color). Associate producer and special effects: Harryhausen.

**ONE MILLION YEARS B.C.** (91 min.—20th Century-Fox—1967—Color). Special visual effects: Harryhausen; special effects: George Blackwell.

**THE VALLEY OF GWANGI** (95 min.—Warner—1969—Color). Associate producer and special effects: Harryhausen.

**SINBAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE** (Columbia—1973—Color). For December, 1973 release. Associate producer and effects: Harryhausen.

CUP wishes to thank Ernest G. Farino Jr. and Sam Levin, producers and editors of the Harryhausen magazine FORTH (Special Effects By Ray Harryhausen, reviewed in this issue's "World of Fantasy") for assisting us in the creation of this filmography.

# VAULT OF HORROR



Doona (Anna Massey) turns up at the restaurant thirsty for revenge against her murdering brother in the "Midnight Men" segment from VAULT OF HORROR. Perhaps she's the only monster of nightmares who could sing "Fangs For Hammerheads" and "In the Still of the Night"—at the same time!

REVIEWED BY

JOHN BENSON

Amicus Films held a gala preview when their film, VAULT OF HORROR, opened at the Penthouse Theatre on Broadway. At least, one TV station thought it was gala enough to cover on the Six o'clock News. The comy publicity stunt that caught their interest was that each person entering the theatre had to scream, and then the best screamers were chosen by the audience before the feature started. Since I was using a complimentary ticket (most of the audience had sent in postcards for theirs), I refused to scream. They let me in anyway, in spite of the tuxedoed p.r. man who grumbled, "We need more good screamers for the cameras!" Looking back as I rode up the escalator, I noticed that former EC comics fan and current National comics staffer was more accommodating—upon request he gave a polite giggle.

The nearly full house was wildly enthusiastic about the semi-finalist screamers, even though the contest seemed to go on interminably. Still, there were a number of true EC comics fans in the audience, as evidenced by the scattered but hearty applause that publisher Bill Gaines received as he sauntered across the proscenium and up the center aisle to take a seat before the contest started. Gaines modestly ignored the applause. Among the other "celebrities" present were Al Feldstein, artist Joe Orlando, MAD staffers John Patnam and

Jerry De Fuccio, and veteran EC comics fans Archie Goodwin (now a comics editor himself) and Fred von Bennewitz.

\* \* \* \*

When the film finally began, the credits showed some marked changes from the first film based on the EC comics, TALES FROM THE CRYPT. While the first film's credits tended to de-emphasize the original source, Gaines and writer-editor Feldstein receive a special "Based On Stories By..." title of their own. Their names also appeared in the display advertising this time around. Another title stated something to the effect of "These stories originally appeared in magazines entitled *The Vault of Horror* and *Tales From The Crypt*," which is ironic since none of the stories in the film actually ever came from *The Vault of Horror* comics.

While the audience seemed to enjoy the film, I found it disappointing. It was better than the earlier TALES FROM THE CRYPT, if only because it was less boring. Out of the five titles, only one was an admirable transcription of the old EC comics story—not a very good betting average. It's obvious that Bill Gaines and Al Feldstein lavished far more care and affection on their comics than screenwriter Milton Subotsky and director Roy Ward Baker have on these filmed adaptations.

The fact is: the film is tasteless. The filmmakers did not understand what Feldstein's and Gaines' stories were all about, nor did they understand or care that Feldstein and Gaines



Voodoo curse paintings carry out their dreadful horrors in VAULT'S "Drawn and Quartered" tale. Breedley above (Terence Alexander) gets the acid test from his wife, who may never have been accused of being a tart but definitely had a sour disposition. Curt Jurgens (below) is learning the ropes the hard way in the tale of "This Trick'll Kill You."

were very much concerned with taste. These men knew the rules of good horror comics taste, and they knew it when they broke the rules—and they didn't break them unless they had a reason.

The unique concept of the EC stories was to present a straightforward melodramatic story and follow it with a horrific bed taste gag. Feldstein and Gaines broke the rules of good taste when it was necessary for that humorously grotesque punchline (after all, "good taste" isn't everything, although I think Gaines might say it was important). But random grue for its own sake would have been to break the rules for no reason, and this was foreign to their concept and their sensibilities.

In a broader sense, "taste" is bound up with "style." Paradoxically, because Feldstein and Gaines were concerned with style, they were by definition concerned with taste. Even though the central element of their style was a crucial and carefully planned lapse of taste, nevertheless the very fact that there was a concern with style insured that the stories had a measure of taste.

Because Amicus have not understood the EC style nor imposed one of their own, the film is tasteless. The vacuum of taste and style has been filled with grue and a general coarseness that is very unappealing.

In general, these EC film adaptations received the same harsh treatment as did Johnny Craig's story "And All Through the House" in last year's TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Craig's story starts with a joke—the Vault Keeper's pious holiday wishes juxtaposed with an old-fashioned comic book "Whomp!" The film changed this innocent "Whomp!" into a fairly detailed and grisly murder. The impact of the comic story's ending came with the realization of the protagonist that she was going to get her just deserts from a mamac. The film's punch is a clumsy and violent sequence in which she gets those just deserts.

Unlike Craig's stories, the Feldstein tales were not strong on the visual storytelling techniques unique to comics; they were told largely by the text captions above the pictures. For this reason they are potentially more adaptable to another medium. But to adapt, of course, one must have an understanding of the original, and so Feldstein's stories have fared no better in film adaptation than Craig's did.





Refreshments in a vulgar vein: Vampires in a rather off-beat restaurant are putting Daniel Massey on top, making him the death of the party. As usual, something got botched up with this Amicus film and the above still was substituted for actual film footage. Undoubtedly this out limited thirsty vampires who would've sorted more rounds.

The first VAULT OF HORROR story is "Midnight Mass" (originally in *Tales From the Crypt* no. 35, April-May 1953). In the comics version, a man visits his sister in an eerie small town and, at the finale, finds out she's a vampire. In the film adaptation, two murders have gratuitously been added to the plot. The protagonist (played by Daniel Massey, who uncertainly resembles his father, Raymond) first strangles a private detective who has told him where to find his sister, and then when he does locate her, he brutally stabs her to death.

The final scene (EC's premeditated lapse of taste) of Massey hanging upside down with a kegrip in his neck is surprisingly shown in the film in a murky still shot. It's the only still shot in the film and has no stylistic purpose. A sudden change in sound track volume during the shot indicates that this

was probably a last minute change (perhaps a moving shot was removed in the negative for Britain and was not handy for reinsertion in the U.S. and a still was used instead).

Despite the crude script changes, "Midnight Mass" is one of the two VAULT stories that has some of the feel of the original, due largely to the excellent sets which closely followed Joe Orlando's original drawings.

The second tale, "The Neat Job" (originally in *Shock Suspense Stories* no. 1, Feb.-March 1952) is the only one in which many details of the film adaptation are actually an improvement over Feldstein's original which imparted the feeling that the malevolent husband develops his passion for neatness during the story—in the film he is seen as a basically innocent man whose neatness mania is harmless when he is a bachelor but drives his wife mad when he is mar-

ried. The tension which gradually builds up to a peak (when the wife realizes that she's made a mess which can't be cleaned up before the husband gets home) has all the nuances that are found in the best EC stories.

The success of "The Neat Job" is primarily due to excellent performances by two fine players who are usually seen in better films than VAULT OF HORROR—Terry-Thomas (possibly chosen because artist Jack Kamen gave his character a Terry-Thomas style moustache) and Glynis Johns. Both of them managed to suggest full and complex characters in a short period of time and even less plot. Terry-Thomas' final litany of complaint, "Can't you do anything neat? Can't you?" manages to make us feel almost a compassion for him as well as for his wife.

But, again, what was in the EC version a suggestion of horror and



In "Bargain in Death," Michael Cray probably really thought he was in a coffin—after seeing the movie. Below: Glynis Johns backing for a Hammer job in "The Night Job." Bottom pic: Tom Baker, in "Drawn & Quartered," doesn't see much of a future in drawing wobbly drawings. He hopes to combine them with the Doctor's head and work for Marjorie Conlon.



violence has been crudely and graphically *directly* displayed in the film. The comic book shows only the axe clutched behind the wife's back, and then cuts to the aftermath: little jars neatly labeled "fingers—10," "eyes—2," etc. The film has a grisly shot of a hammer actually being sunk into the husband's skull, and then a final closeup of jars that show the contents as well as the labels. The prop-man's human parts in the jars have an unreal quality that is not out of place in an EC story, but the completely tasteless shot of the hammer in the skull destroys all the mood of restrained tension that the rest of the story had carefully built up.

The other stories in the film suffer in a similar fashion. In "This Trick'll Kill You" (originally in *Tales From The*

*Crypt* no. 33, December 1952–January 1953, illustrated by George Evans and Kamen), in the comic version a woman is strangled, which occurs out of the panel. In the film she's stabbed on screen. In "Drawn and Quartered" (originally in *Tales From The Crypt* no. 26, October–November 1951, illustrated by Jack Davis), in the comic version the artist merely erases a portion of his picture to cause injury to his victim. The film shows him lovingly mutilating his canvas in a way that's almost more horrible than the actual human mutilations his actions cause, which are emphasized with greater detail than in the comic. An extra murder has been added that does not make sense in terms of the story concept, and is a swipe from *Village of the Damned* besides.

Only "Bargain in Death" (originally in *Tales From the Crypt* no. 28, February–March 1952, illustrated by Davis) is not significantly more gruesome in the film than in the comic. Interestingly, this is the story chosen to plant some "inside jokes"—the Nostalgia Press hard-cover book of EC comics reprints in *seen upside down* in the corner of one scene, and Jack Oleck's paperback novelization of *Tales From the Crypt* is shown right side up in close-up a little later.

\* \* \*

When Bill Gaines stood before a Senate investigating committee in 1954 and claimed that his comics were not in bad taste, the senators were incredulous. If a comic titled *The Vault of Horror* was not in bad taste, then what could be? Twenty years later the point that Bill Gaines was trying to make is fully understood. There is a kind of bad taste his comics never had, and that's the kind on display in the movie version of his comic.

—John Benson—



... And a capsule wrap-up by Joe Dante, Jr.

It beats *THE DEADLY BEES* as Amicus' worst film. Chintzy production hardly helps, but the collection of stories (from EC comics) is stupefyingly routine with endings so predictable that you can scream them out loud after the first shot. Torpid direction (Roy Ward Baker), with a framing story of unbelievable banality. Worse yet, MPAA rating gremlins have been hard at work chopping out horror shots (the kicker of one story is presented as a spliced-in freeze-frame!). Vampires, murders, the old Indian rope trick and voodoo-crazed artist form the basis of the one-syllable plots, hardly the best EC had to offer. (Milt Subotsky did the script—always a dangerous sign.) (94 mins., Cinemas, 1973.) Color.

—Joe Dante, Jr.—

VINCENT PRICE  
HAS RESERVED  
A SEAT  
FOR YOU  
IN

THEATRE  
OF BLOOD





## THEATRE OF BLOOD

Two Critiques

### SYNOPSIS and CREDITS

Vincent Price, a ham Shakespearean actor (though dead, he sees himself on members of the Critics Circle who refused him their special drama Award). His tramp companions play Michael Hordern (as in "Julius Caesar"), and then Vincent's son, Dennis Price (whose body is dropped by a horse ("Troilus and Cressida")). Circle director Ian Hendry sees Price's daughter Diana Rigg, a movie makeup woman, at her father's monument. Price cuts off Arthur Lowe's head ("Cymbeline"), as movie Harry Andrews' head ("a pound of flesh" from "The Merchant of Venice"), grows Robert Coote in a vat of wine ("Richard III"), then his jealous Jack Hawkins murder his wife Diana Rigg ("Othello"). As a sadist, Price burns Carol Browne to death ("Henry VI, part I"), as a chef, he forces gay Robert Morley to eat his puddies ("Titus Andronicus"). Hendry is nearly blinded by Price as Rigg is revealed as the "boy" assisting the mad actor-lasher. Father and daughter die and their theatre sanctuary burns.

104 minutes (United Artists), 1973. Color. Produced by John Kohn and Stanley Mann. Executive producers: Gustave Berns, Sam Jaffe. Directed by Douglas Hickox. Screenplay: Anthony Greville-Dell. Music: Nicholas Lewis. Music: Wolfgang Superty. Makeup: George Buckner. Special effects: John Stears. Editor: Malcolm Cooke. Cast: Vincent Price, Diana Rigg, Ian Hendry, Harry Andrews, Carol Browne, Robert Coote, Jack Hawkins, Michael Hordern, Arthur Lowe, Robert Morley, Dennis Price, Diana Rigg, Joan Hickox, Bessie Asherson, Medleine Smith, Nilo Crizles, Eric Savary, and others.



Vincent Price, most comfortable in a role perfectly tailored for his talents, brings a Grand Guignol character to life as an insane Shakespearean actor taking revenge upon nine critics who denied him a drama award and have ruined his stage career. Eight of the nine critics meet bizarre deaths in a series of murders freely adapted from Shakespearean roles that starred the defamed Edward Lionheart (Price) in the past.

Structured somewhat like *The Abominable Dr. Phibes*, Price's role is quite reminiscent of Rod Steiger's various impersonations in *No Way To Treat A Lady*. Given such a wide variety of disguises and accents, Price has a field day inspiring chills and humor in the best black comedy tradition, rivaled only by Diana Rigg as his daughter, with one regret: Diana never did a Lady Macbeth scene though the film was a perfect opportunity for such a takeoff. Included among critics who become Price's victims is an array of some of Britain's best actors, such as Robert Morley, Ian Hendry, Jack Hawkins, Dennis Price and Robert Coote. Setting the right mood from the very first frame, the production begins with scenes from silent film Shakespearean works that include the 1922 *Othello* with Emil Jannings.

Unlike the usual run of horror films, this one seems to have had a good deal of money sunk into it... and it shows on the screen.

— Marion Fox —







Opposite page: Diana Rigg and Vincent Price, in their serious THEATRE OF BLOOD guano, on the prowl for victims. Coral Browne (top photo) about to be burned via electrocution. Above: Price as Shylock exacts his pound of flesh in the "Merchant of Venice" sequence. At the right: the former Mrs. Emma Peel, lovely Miss Rigg herself, in a production shot, Vincent striking a tragic pose with Diana

Surprisingly literate, intelligently spoofy (for a change) British black comedy that is almost a remake of *Dr. Phibes*. Vincent Price is excellent as a mad Shakespearean actor who takes comically ghastly revenge on critics who knocked his Shakespeare season and denied him an award; in return, he kills each one in a grisly manner derived from the Bard's plays. Exquisitely produced with superb cinematography by Wolfgang Pleschitzky; and the score by Michael J. Lewis is quite lovely. Humor is a neat mixture of high- and low-brows, classily cupped up by an outstanding cast (Rigg, Andrews, Morely, Cootie, etc.). Deftly directed by Douglas Hickox (who seems to have got his start with Eugene Lourie directing some of *Giant Behemoth*), who does especially well with the "to be or not to be" scene.

—Joe Dante, Jr.—





## AND NOW THE SCREAMING STARTS

Might have been more appropriately titled, "Aad Now the Yawning Starts". Nice sets, mobile camerawork by Denys Coop and a good cast are wasted on a lugubrious story with no surprises and very little action.

Buxom Stephanie Beacham marries Ian Ogilvy and gets menaced by a dismembered hand, apparitions, etc., all part of the family curse brought on by anti-social hobbies (rape, mutilation) of rakish ancestor Herbert Lom. It's dull formula stuff from ocar the bottom of the seemingly almost depleted Amicus barrel; it would hardly have made the grade even as a short episode in one of their multi-story features. Struggling vainly are Peter Cushing, Patrick Magee, Guy Rolfe, Rosalie Crutchley, others. Directed by Roy Ward Baker.

(87 mins.; Cinemas, 1973.) Color.  
(Original title: *FENGRIFFEN*.)

— Joe Dante, Jr. —

# WICKED, WICKED

New "entertainment miracle," Duo-Vision, is the standard split-screen carried through the entire picture. Clumsy manipulation of same suggests that the pic was conceived and shot as an ordinary film, then gimmicked up in editing. Most of the time the two pictures have no relation to each other, and often they merely show close and medium shots of the same scene. The preposterous plot has a crazed handyman knifing blondes at a seacoast hotel because a fat blonde woman took him to bed with her when he was a kid. Ending is a steal from *House That Screamed*. Some gore, but no suspense, and a few nice moments from Tiffany Bolling and Scott Brady, with organ score featuring music from the 1925 *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*—but otherwise a dog.

Diane McBain, David Bailey, Randolph Roberts, Arthur O'Connell, Edd Byrnes, Madeleine Sherwood.

(94 mins.; MGM, 1973). Color.

— Joe Dante, Jr. —





*Above: Caleb Craft (Michael Paré)—a world vampire if there ever was one—lets his police-running Leslé (Kitty Vallacher) in an open grave. To the right: William Smith as James Eastman, one of a vampire*

#### GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE

An Entertainment Pyramid Release  
95 minutes—Color  
Daniel Cady, producer, John Hays, director

#### The Story:

It is nighttime in a dark, foreboding cemetery. Trade a moss-covered mausoleum, the sound of someone chipping away at a cement crypt bearing the name of Caleb Craft is heard.

On a nearby college campus, a fraternity house party celebrates winning the 1940 New England Seaboard Conference championship. Meanwhile, a young couple, Leslé (Kitty Vallacher) and Paul (Jay Scott) get into a romantic mood and drive off to a strange but secluded "lovers lane": a cemetery. When Paul proceeds to place an engagement ring on Leslé's finger, she unabashedly leads him to the back seat of the car, fired by the passion of the moment and hungry for Paul's love. But at that moment, the youngsters are unaware

that Caleb Craft (Michael Paré) has risen from his grave and staring through the cemetery in their direction. With inhuman power, Caleb rips off the car's door, brutally murders Paul, and when Leslé tries to escape she is trapped in an open grave and raped by Caleb.

Puzzled, the police find Paul's body drained of blood but no signs of gore anywhere. At the hospital, Leslé is in a state of shock and cannot seem to identify photos which police show her of Caleb Craft. Suddenly understanding whose photo it is, Leslé lapses into hysteria. The police are cautioned by Olga, another patient in the same room (who is also a mystic), to leave Leslé alone in the belief she is possessed. One of the detectives on the case, Lt. Panzer (Eric Mazon) believes some evil supernatural force may be at work, and though he cannot voice his ideas officially he takes a personal interest in Leslé's welfare—especially since Caleb Craft was reputedly a dangerous criminal who was electrocuted three years before.

Several months later, Leslé shows her obvious pregnancy resulting from her ordeal in the cemetery. She and Olga move into the

old house left by Leslé's parents, while Panzer assists them with their belongings. As he leaves the house, he notices a man watching from a distance who then proceeds to drive away. Panzer follows in his own car all the way to the cemetery right into Craft's crypt. Lurking at him, Craft attacks Panzer, killing him. His "secret" is safe.

Acting as a midwife, Olga aids Leslé give birth to her baby—a strange infant whom doctors thought to be dead and later is discovered incapable of crying, giggling or drawing milk. Accidentally, Leslé discovers the terrible truth about the "child" whose unusual color is a sickly grey—it requires human blood for nourishment. In her madness, she nurses her son by making small cuts on her breasts where the child feeds. As time passes, Leslé grows weaker, ages prematurely and goes insane. By the time the boy, James Eastman (William Smith), grows to manhood, Leslé and Olga have died.





Michael Pataki about to arise from a vampirical nap by a bothersome lizard that once had better star status (before reduced to bit crawling roles) in that great Mummy movie, **THE LIZARD OF GAUZE** (also made in Hollywood, otherwise known as *Hemeralid City*).

James attends the local university, but is devoid of ordinary human reactions. In an anthropology class, he meets Professor Adrian Lockwood—the same man who earlier was Caleb Croft. He appears well groomed, about thirty years old and seems to exert a strange control over everyone in the class. Anne Archer (Lyn Patrick), an extremely attractive girl, finds James mysteriously fascinating. In turn, Lockwood has eyes for Anne. Lockwood's lecture centers on vampires and a legendary figure named Charles Croyden whose wife was burned at the stake in 1646, though Croyden was never seen again. James restores the story isn't legend but reality, that Prof. Lockwood, Croyden and Croft are the same man.

Another attractive student, Anita, speaks up before the class to reveal the existence of a very rare book in a nearby library which links Croyden to Croft. Lockwood steals the book, and then satisfies his lust by killing the apostate librarian.

That night James drops in on a party at

the apartment Anita shares with Anne. Later, James learns the true meaning of love for the first time with Anne as his mere human qualities seeping to the surface. Unfortunately, Anita has discovered James' dark secret, also falls in love with him, and later asks James to turn her into a vampire. James pretends to agree, but kills her. When Anne returns, she finds Anita's dead body and James still in the apartment. Her screams and him fleeing into the night, just as a number of other students from the building rush in and then call the police.

Despite the tragedy, Anne and her classroom friends attend a service the next evening at Prof. Lockwood's place, with Anne selected as the medium. Lockwood hopes to hear the voice of his long dead wife, but instead the voice of Anita is heard, her spirit attempting to take possession of Anne's body. Lockwood fights against the possession and succeeds, for he wants only Anne. As James leaves to take the unconscious Anne upstairs to rest, Lock-

wood reveals his terrible plan to the group.


He intends to kill them all. One of the students, Sam, pulls out a gun and fires bullet after bullet into Lockwood, but with no effect. One by one, Lockwood drains his victims of their blood.

James returns to find the doors to the service room locked. He crashes them open and witnesses the blood orgy before him. James and Lockwood struggle in fierce combat which ends when James tells the vampire that he is his son and has but one sworn purpose: to kill his own father. He rips a post from the banister and drives the pointed stake into Lockwood's heart. As Lockwood dies, a strange transformation comes over James. Realizing what is happening, he urges Anne to run away from him. While she hesitates, he feels evil emotions and glories in the idea of being a vampire.

Anne screams at the sight of him and runs. James goes after her to kill her, his face contented, his fangs hungry... for blood.



# SOYLENT GREEN



SOYLENT GREEN (\$7 mins; MGM, 1973).

*Two CoF Critics With Opposing Views.*

Excellent production examines social ills of the year 2022, attacking corporate slavery, overpopulation problems, pollution, housing, high food prices, media and political bullcrap, etc. The industrialists are seen as the true heavies. Mankind has become scum, sleeping in stairwells and abandoned cars, weakened by smog and dwindling food supplies—feebly protesting but still accepting the Party Line.

Based on Harry Harrison's novel, "Make Room! Make Room!", it's a frighteningly logical extension of present day trends and turmoil—a sort of extrapolated KLUTE (see p. 60, CoF no. 18). At the bottom of all this, detective Thom (Charlton Heston) and researcher Sol Roth (Edward G. Robinson, giving a brilliant performance in his last film) attempt to find out what went wrong. Even Women's Lib seems to have failed miserably; in this future world, women are considered an option that comes along with a luxury highrise apartment and, therefore, are simply referred to as "furniture."

Roth has connections with an underground group seeking some kind of proof of the whole scam: a scene skillfully constructed to show an ambience not unlike that of backroom Sacco-Vanzetti anarchist supporters. Dumbstruck with the total failure of his society, Roth goes to a mass suicide center where he is given a kind of Kubeckian sendoff amid Pan-

vision views of oceans, flowers and forests. (Not so farfetched when you consider that there already exists today an outfit called Requiem Associates which advertises, "Dying? Need Help?")

Considering the ambitions of this film, director Richard Fleischer and producers Walter Seltzer and Russell Thacher deserve high praise. It's a shame SOYLENT GREEN has been treated lightly by so many film critics. It joins other pessimistic sf visions of recent years—THX-1138, CLOCKWORK ORANGE, SILENT RUNNING, NO BLADE OF GRASS; but it differs in that it makes a genuine attempt to reach into the true heart of the deceptions that each day bring us closer to downfall. Have you heard that in ten years, because of mass harvesting from airplanes, there will be no more tuna fish? Did you know that salmon are harvested before they are sexually mature—and therefore will soon be extinct? Did you know that the longevity of molecules in DDT cause it to lose only half its potency in fifteen years—time enough for the poison to kill off entire species of fish and birds while leaving insects unaffected (they rapidly build up an immunity in only a few generations, one insect generation being approximately one to four or five weeks, depending on the species).

Plankton produces 70% of the world's oxygen, but it is losing this ability to photosynthesize because of DDT saturation. Since the politicians and pesticide manufacturers are going to stop breathing along with the science-fiction filmmakers and all the rest of us, why should these deceptions continue? Author Harrison





and director Fleischer have given us a partial answer in *SOYLENT*—an important message film, but, as we noted previously in reviewing *NO BLADE OF GRASS* (in CoF no. 18), no one pays much attention. Sad. And quite frightening.

(Note: Our source for above info on mass fish harvesting, worldwide DDT poisoning and total human extinction is Donald E. Carr's "Dreadful Feast of Life"—Doubleday, 1971.)

— Marion Fox —

Overpopulated New York in 2022 features green atmosphere, multitudes sleeping in abandoned cars, free suicide centers, near-totalitarian government (led by Whit Binell—it can't be all bad) and crusty Soylent wafers as the only kind of sustenance (will make you vomit once you know what they're made of, just like some 1973 packaged food).

It's an ordinary detective plot (who is knocking off people in order to hide the terrible secret of Soyilent Green?) with cheaply futuristic setting designed to make use of as many standing MGM sets as possible—N.Y. looks just like now, only cleaner. The ever-eratic Richard Fleischer keeps it moving fast enough to be amusing, and Edward G. Robinson's farewell performance provides needed warmth. But overall it's a pretty minor affair which blows potential (limited as it was) of Harry Harrison's original novel. Filmed in Panavision and in Metrocolor, and co-starring Leigh Taylor-Young, Chuck Connors and Joseph Cotten.

— Joe Dante, Jr. —

**RAGING  
UP FROM  
THE BOTTOM  
OF TIME  
TO LOOSE  
ITS  
CRUSHING  
FURY ON  
THE CITY!**



STARRING

**PAUL CHRISTIAN · PAULA RAYMOND · CECIL KELLAWAY · KENNETH TOBEY · JACK PENNICK**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
JACK FORD, A.S.C.

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER **BERNARD W. BURTON**

TECHNICAL EFFECTS CREATED BY **RAY HARRYHAUSEN**

MUSIC BY  
**DAVID BUTTUM**

PRODUCED BY **HAL CHESTER** AND **JACK**

Sensation  
of  
Sensations  
from  
Warner Bros.

# The Beast From 20,000 Fathoms



CAST OF  
THOUSANDS!  
OVER A YEAR  
IN THE MAKING!  
THE THRILL-PICTURE  
EVERYONE'S BEEN  
HEARING ABOUT  
ON TV AND RADIO!

THE STORY OF  
THE SEA'S  
MASTER-BEAST  
OF THE AGES  
ON A  
VENGEANCE-MAD  
TIDAL WAVE  
OF TERROR!

SCREEN PLAY BY  
JO MORHEIM AND FRED FREIBERGER

Suggested by the Sensational SATURDAY EVENING POST Story by RAY BRADBURY

ETZ DIRECTED BY EUGENE LOURIE DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.





Bernard Herrmann (composer of scores for *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, *Fahrenheit 451*, *Citizen Kane*, *Vertigo*, *The 7th Voyage of Sinbad*, *Journey to the Center of the Earth*, *North By Northwest*, etc.) will give a lecture on composing music for films at the George Eastman House in Rochester, N.Y., the weekend of October 19th, 1973. The presentation is part of a symposium on "The Coming of Sound to the American Film, 1925-1940," sponsored by the Film Dept. of Boston University.

Fans of the Eighth Wonder of the World will not want to miss "The King Kong Book," published this fall by Prentice Hall. The book is edited by Harry Geduld and Ronald Gottesman, and will feature an extensive collection of book and magazine articles pertaining to KONG, rare still and other Kong memorabilia... A must for all film fans.

One-Fund is releasing THE DOOMSDAY MACHINE, THE SPECTRE OF EDGAR ALLAN POE, TARZANA: THE

WILD GIRL, and BIG FOOT, the latter already in circulation starring John Carradine and the late Joel Lansing.

Gene and Roger Corman are collaborating on the production of I ESCAPE FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND, starring Jim Brown.

Cinemas is releasing THE MINO SNATCHERS, ICE-COLO LIKE HIS KNIFE (the story of Richard Speck) and TERROR IN THE WAX MUSEUM, starring Ray Milland, Broderick Crawford, Elsa Lanchester and Shari Wallis. Miss Wallis, who was strangled by Oliver Reed in OLIVER, is decapitated this time around.

Jack H. Harris' SCHLOCK is rated PG in spite of the producer's appeal for a G rating... Classic Film International is issuing THE HOUSE OF FREAKS with Michael Dunn, Rossano Brazzi and Edmund Purdom. Brazzi plays Count Frankenstein confronting an array of stereotypes: Igor the Coachman, Hans the butler, Genz the evil dwarf, Kreegin the Hunchback, etc. CLOCKWORK ORANGE grossed over \$1,150,000 in two theatres in Paris alone. However, Kubrick's PATHS OF GLORY was never officially suppressed in France since its release in 1957.

A second "Phibes" sequel has been announced: THE BRIDES OF DOCTOR PHIBES... Germany, which contributed THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI to the genre, is preparing a sort of "re-make" titled THE SEX CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, produced by Munich's Rapid Films, who've also made a 3D sexploiter titled LOVE IN THREE DIMENSIONS, shot in 70mm, color.

Andy Warhol is adapting FRANKENSTEIN in Rome, with Udo Kier... Ronald Nease, who directed SCROOGE and THE PORCEIION ADVENTURE, is releasing THE ODESSA FILE through producer John Woolf. It's adapted from Frederick Forsyth's bestselling novel.

Film clips from SOYLENT GREEN were among the few bright spots of this year's dismal Academy Awards telecast... SEA CREATURES, another John Ashley vehicle shot in the Philippines, also features Patrick Wayne (the Duke's son)... Vincent Price was honored on TV's "This is Your Life." Samuel Z. Arkoff and Hellie Hayes were among the guests who surprised Vinnie... William Marshall returns in the title role of BLACULA II, with Pam (Twilight People) Grier; it's directed by Bob Kelton of COUNT YORGA fame.

Robert Merle's novel, OAY OF THE OOLPHIN, has been adapted for the screen by Buck Henry and directed by M'Pc Nichols, featuring George C. Scott

and Trish Van Devere... A great cast appears in THE LOVE BUG RIDES AGAIN, sequel to Disney's boxoffice bonanza: Ken Barry, Helen Hayes, Stefanie Powers, Keenan Wynn and Hunter Hall, all directed by Robert Stevenson.

LITTLE PRINCE, a musical fantasy directed by Stanley (Bedazzled) Osoen, was designed originally with Frank Sinatra in mind; it now features Richard Kiley, Donna MacKechnie, Gene Wilder and Robert Fosse. Fosse was indeed the man who won this year's Academy Award



for Best Director for CABARET.

Speaking of musicals—Bruce Davison, of WILLARO fame, has resigned from rats and is now performing with Lucille Ball in MAME.

After many delays, Tolkien's THE HOBBIT is finally being made as an animated feature by director Jules Bass for Arthur Rankin, Jr... Andrew Price, who dubbed in the occult as Simon, King of the Witches, heads the cast of TERROR CIRCUS.

John Considine and Jennifer Billingsley are in the BLOOD CULT OF SHANGRI-LA. It's filmed in Philadelphia, and sounds like a reaction against Ross Hunter's musical adaptation of LOST HORIZON... Peter Hunt is directing GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, starring Richard (Camelot) Harris... They Don't Know When to Quit Dept.: Another Amicus anthology, TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE, is being filmed by Kevin Connor in Britain (we're prepared, as usual, for the worst).

CBS recently telecast ORACULA: PRINCE OF DARKNESS in a network presentation. Although more substantial scenes cut from the Hammer film were Lee's disintegration used as a flashback sequence (taken from '58's HORROR



OF DRACULA) and Dracula's resurrection scene! CBS also omitted Julian Glover's death scene from FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH and scenes containing Jason Robards and Maria Perschy from MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE. Worst butchering is yet to come: BONNIE AND CLYDE is scheduled next season on CBS!! Only way to overcome such needless, senseless censorship is to write strong protests to your local TV station; and, tell your friends to do the same.

Fifteen minutes were added to the very excellent OUEL (now in European theatrical release), originally made-for-TV for ABC's "Movie of the Week." The

Universal film—a sort of "fantasy allegory"—stars Dennis Weaver. OUEL's script by Richard Matheson was recently pilloried in litigation started by Arch Oboler who claims that the basic plot was used by him some 30 years ago on his SFantasy radio series, "Lights Out."

Strangeways Inc. will film OE SAGE LIVES, with Jon Voight probably in the title role... Dimension Picture's BEYOND ATLANTIS due out soon... Linda (Deep Throat) Lovelace is in Cosmo Film's VEIL OF BLOOD, involving mucho witches and voodoo... Delayed for some time for U.S. release, keep an eye out for LEGACY OF SATAN, WHEN WOMEN HAD TAILS

Nostalgia Time: Lon and Bud getting menaced by Glenn Strange, Bela and Lon in one of the best of all time, ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN.

(with Senta Berger), and HANNAH: QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES.

The National Film Theatre of Britain presented a question-and-answer session with Peter Cushing at the London Film Festival honoring his work. Mr. Cushing was also in New York promoting ASYLUM. Let's hope he visits the States again to promote the forthcoming book on his career.

Michael Gough is in producer Richard Gordon's HORROR HOSPITAL (is it so titled because patients can't pay their bills?). Gordon's HORROR ON SNAPE



ISLAND will be re-issued as TOWER OF EVIL, the original British title. Goodson's BIZARRE is also suffering some cuts, so it may be released with an R rating, instead of being stuck with an X.

Producer Ewan Lloyd is readying JACK THE RIPPER GOES WEST... OUTY TO SURVIVE depicts cannibalism, motivated by the survivors of an airplane crash in the Andes... Jack Palance heads the cast of Herman Cohen's INFERNAL DOLL, an adaptation of Henry Seymour's novel on witchcraft.

Tom Baker, who portrayed Rasputin in *Nicholas and Alexandra* (and more recently in *The Vault of Horror*), plays a sideshow Barker in THE MUTATION. Baker will be seen in Charles Schaefer's SINBAO'S GOLDEN VOYAGE, utilizing more of Ray Harryhausen's gold magic. SINBAO (incidentally, not a sequel to 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAO) also has the added charm of musical scoring by the ingenious Miklos Rozsa. The film is now officially slated for Xmas '73 release.

The last of the APE flicks (before turning into a TV series in the near future), BATTLE FOR THE PLANET OF THE APES, stars the players from the last APE opus: Roddy McDowall, Natalie Trundy, Severn Darden, plus Claude Akins... Carroll Baker stars in RABA YAGA, a film adaptation of Italy's comic strip heroine... THE HOUSE OF THE LIVING DEAD, a psychological horror tale, being made in Capetown, South Africa by Cap-

ital Studios, directed by Ray Austin (a London-based director); Hollywood's Philip N. Krasne is exec producer.

FRANKENSTEIN is being adapted by yet more production teams: Elias Querejeta's version being filmed in Segovia, helmed by Victor Erice. MGM is putting their own version before cameras. And another adaptation is being filmed in London with Leonard Whiting in the title role for a four-hour long production slated for NBC-TV later this year.

Spain's C.F.C. awarded FRENZY its grand prize as "Best Foreign Film of 1972"... SHOCK TREATMENT stars Alain Delon as a doctor engaged in cannibalism and vampirism... Anthony Harris (Jack H.'s son) is preparing a sequel to SON OF BLOB titled CURSE OF THE BLOB.

There's further regression to nostalgia with revivals of Abbott and Costello vehicles on the tube and in print. All A & C fans will want to purchase Richard J. Anobile's volume, "Who's On First?", published by Darien House Inc. Although it does not feature any of their horror spoofs, it's gratifying reading experience. By the way, next time you view BUCK PRIVATES COME HOME, look closely at the interior of the team's bus (which is later converted into a home)—you'll notice a flier advertising OEOA OF NIGHT conspicuously revealing the poster artwork.

Bert I Gordon's latest film is titled

In this publicity shot from the STAR TREK musical comedy satire, "One Cube or Two?", Mr. Spock (Doug Eader) reads everyone's favorite magazine, while madcap artist Ed Lillinger sports his pointed ears. At left, the Mad scientist of Pendor 8 (Jonathan Rudick) looks on. Further read-busting details on this spectacular stellar saga of the stage revealed below.

THE MAO BOMBER (an autobiography, perhaps?), being released—or escaping—from Cienation... Earl Oorn Biggers' famous oriental sleuth returns after a long absence from theatre screens in THE RETURN OF CHARLIE CHAN, produced by Robert L. Schaffel.

Baltimore recently played host to a rather unique stage production, ONE CUBE OR TWO?, a musical comedy satire, based on tv's STAR TREK, was performed at the University of Maryland's Baltimore County Campus, March 16-18, for the benefit of Retinitis Pigmentosa. Permission for this special charity play was readily given by ST's creator, Gene Roddenberry, and by Paramount Pictures to produce the production. Similarly, six different music publishers permitted a number of their songs to be especially rewritten for the show. Yours truly, George Stover, played a cube-headed Coalition, an unfortunate victim of the mad scientist of Pendor 8, who thru the efforts of Captain Kirk and crew is finally transformed back to normal at the climax.

— George Stover & Bill George —

# FRANKENSTEIN TV

movieguide



# Yes, that incredible juggernaut . . . the Frankenstein Movieguide continues its headlong plunge down the Yellow Brick Road into the Jaws of Death! Kay, gang, this time it's movies beginning with the letter 'N'. Onward! Excelsior!

**NABONGA (75 min—RKO—1944).** Unintentionally funny, crude little grade-Z jungle actioner. Julie London survives plane crash and learns that Nabonga, oversexed neighborhood proto gorilla, is quite friendly with her even after crushing several local badasses to death. Director Sam Newfield. Buster Crabbe, Barney MacLennan, Fifi O'Grady.

**NAKED JUNGLE (The) (95 min—Param—1954).** Unusual, lavishly staged jungle tale set in South American jungle. Nausea turns the tables on man as Charlton Heston is informed that armies of invading ants threaten to destroy his wife plantation. Somewhat slow, at times overtly build-up, but well worth it for heightened suspense as ants make in eating up all life in sight and Charlton fights against seemingly insurmountable odds. Directed by Byron Haskin (*War of the Worlds*, *From the Earth to the Moon*, *Captain Jack*, *Robinson Crusoe on Mars*, etc.). Eleanor Parker, Abraham Sofaer, William Conrad. Color.

**NAME OF THE GAME IS KILL, THE (98 min—Fenêtre—1948).** Rather transparent but quite amusing, well-made locale shocker with effective parody overtones. An innocent Hungarian is picked up in the desert by one of the neurotic daughters of an "advanced" family operating in isolated Arizona filling station where previous visitors have . . . but that would spoil it, wouldn't it? Directed with a good deal of ingenuity by Gurner Heitstrom. Also inventive photography and some. Jack Lord, Susan Strasberg, Trixie Sterling, Colin Wilcock. Color.

**NANNY, THE (93 min—Hammer-Fox—1965).** One of last director Seth Holt's weaker terror films, hampered by offbeat plotting story of governess Britas Daves in red farming role as a child after suspect. Since most of the terror is implied rather than shown, what strong moments remain are usually dashed out by typical moviegoer to cynicism. But worthy if only for Britas's excellent presence. Wendy Craig, Jill Bennett, Pamela Franklin, Jennie Vickers.

**NASTY RABBIT, THE (85 min—Finnway-Inte—1965).** Arch Hall Jr., the young marvel of a number of 1960's low-budgeters (allegedly in his "teens" when he first started film work), was also reason-sake-or-guilt—of *Eegah!* as well as for the memorable and well-made *The Sadist* (one of the most horrifying films ever made). In this variation *Arch* "sauce-py" flick, a master Russian spy tries to destroy the U.S. with a bacteria laden live rabbit amidst a dual-track atmosphere, complete with international spy ring of comic songs, riffs and teenagers. Hell wrote, produced and starred, James Lasker directed. Michelle Terr, Elissa Morgan. Color.

**NAZI AGENT (62 min—MGM—1942).** Like Lon Chaney Sr. and Boris Karloff, any film starring the great Conrad Veidt should interest any terror-GFest fan in enthusiasm. He had a way of projecting dark, dour and sinister moods as few actors ever could. Veidt has a juicy double role as an evil Nazi foiled by his good brother in this tight, fast-moving spy thriller.

**NAVY VS. THE NIGHT MONSTERS (90 min—Reelint—1966).** Has everything working for it except intelligence and quality. Dumb refresh of *The Day Of the Trifids*, with rubbery plants on the loose seeking human sustenance. Very pre-teen supply fare, only possible if seen in a Saturday matinee atmosphere, and if sentimental for the way movies about monsters looked in the early Fifties (sure, it's a '66 flick—but it looks "old"). Marlene von Dorn, Anthony Early, Philip Terry (the poor man's John Beal), Walter Sende. Color.

**NEANDERTHAL MAN, THE (78 min—UA—1953).** Somewhat reminiscent of Jack Arnold's far better made *Tarzan Meets The Campus* (1958). Boring but turns into prehistoric man after using serum and brings unhappiness to those around him. Fun stuff, but pretty hackneyed and familiar early '50's monster stuff. Hard to believe that director E.A. Dupont is the same man who made silent classics like *I Am a Doctor*, *Dr. X*, and *Dr. X*. Robert Shayne, Richard Crane, Robert Long. Dore Merick.

**NEGATIVES (83 min—Columbia—1949).** Heavy handed, overworked British melodrama from Britain that's unintentionally funny. Couple only achieves sexual satisfaction when in mesquite, he as the infamous Dr. Crippen and wife. Enter German girl who persuades him to become her own sex idol. WW I air ace Baron Von Richthofen. Come try, but a little hapless, despite good photography. Peter McEnery, Glenda Jackson, Diane Cilento. Color.

**NEW ADVENTURES OF TARZAN, THE (12-chapter serial, also 78 min Reelint version, Barnhouse-Tattam—1933).** Under E.R. Burroughs' supervision and

personal backing, this could be the purest treatment of Tarzan ever put on the screen. Starring Herman Brink (later known as Bruce Bennett)—All-American football star of the University of Washington, and 1932 Olympic shot-put champ—many believe he was the most perfect Tarzan chosen for the role. Brink's great stunt-work (man unkillable, shot in the jungle of Guatemala, it was the first Tarzan film to use actual locations and, until 1959, the only time he was to appear on screen as the cultivated character that Burroughs intended. Two 75 minute features were later made out of this marvelous serial, one with the above title, the other, *TARZAN AND THE GREEN GODDESS*. Director: Edward Kull. Lila Holt, Frank Belsor, Dale Walsh, Louis Broughton, Don Costello.

**NEXT VOICE YOU HEAR, THE (83 min—MGM—1956).** Unpleasant, throaty bare and pseudo-spiritual tale of people who hear voice of God over radio. It's unpleasant because it follows conventional and unexciting traditional religious point of view that's little more to confound and turn people from "things of the spirit." Director William William tries best to work with little. Good acting by James Whitmore, Nancy Davis. Also, Lillian Bronson, Jill Corey.

**NIGHT CREATURES, THE (63 min—Hammer—1942).** Hammer Films in top form, and Peter Cushing great as English ex-spect person who leads a double-life as a master smuggler in the 18th century. Originally made in 1937 as *DR. SYN*, starring George Arliss, with a Disney produced version (*THE SCARECROW OF ROMNEY MARSH*) starring Patrick McGowan in 1963. But Hammer's version is more spirited, gruesome (at least) and . . . very well made! See detailed and complete article in *COF No. 31*. Oliver Reed, Yvonne Romain, Michael Ripston, Patrick Allen, David Lodge, Martin Benson. Color.

## NEANDERTHAL MAN





**NIGHT GALLERY** (60 minutes—NBC-TV—1988). Rod Serling's return to tv, originally shown on the NBC network, now available to independent stations all over the country. Two rather good tales, one quite excellent. Rocky McDowell as evil nephew does away with his uncle to get the estate, but panics and dies when he looks into a painting showing uncle coming from the grave, the faithful family houseman falls into the same greedy trap — Joan Crawford chews up the scenery as a blind woman undergoing an operation for 12 hours of light—just when Manhattan's having a total power failure. —Men of La Mancha's Richard Kiley, as ex-Nazi hunted down in S.A. country, is swallowed up in a museum and becomes part of a painting. Color.

**NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES, THE** (91 min—Fox—1948). Director John Farrow turned out lots of standard, slick commercial films for Hollywood (and a rare winner like *THE BIG CLOCK*), but really never had it in him when it came to true eerie atmosphere. Vaudeville magician mind reader Edward G. Robinson, so delightfully discards covers of clairvoyance, also foreshadowing his own death. Some moments, thanks mostly to Robinson. Gail Russell, John Lund, Virginia Bruce.

**NIGHT KEY** (67 min—Univ—1937). Non-horror, unsuicidal crime film made during horror cycle lull. Boris Karloff stars in this modest C-budgeter as kindly old scientist who invented a great gadget that crooks would like to own. One of Lloyd Corrigan's rare directorial efforts, otherwise famous as jewel, bumbling character actor in numerous films. Jean Rogers, Warren Hull, Robert Cavanaugh.

**NIGHT LIFE OF THE GOONS** (73 min—Univ—1935). The screen is all the richer because of the bright, frothy fantasy-comedies adapted from the novels of the late Thorne Smith (the *TOPPER* series, *TUNABOUT*, *I MARRIED A WITCH*, etc.). Some of the 30's finest stars keep things fast, loose and whimsical in this very urbane and sophisticated fantasy. Silent film leading man Lowell Sherman directed (production completed in '34 but released Feb '35 shortly after his death). Allen Mowbray, Peggy Shannon, William Boyd, Henry Armetta, Florence McKinney, Richard Carl.

**NIGHTMARE** (83 min—Hammer-Univ—1964). Hammer veterans Jimmy Sangster (produced and written) and Freddie Francis (directed) combine forces for fast, moody terror tale. A young woman is victimized by a sinister guardian and ended up carrying out a murder for which she is committed. Forced to stay in an asylum, truth sets out when the evil guardian is murdered by his accomplice, and the girl is released. David Knight, Maureen Redmond, Jennie Linden, Brenda Bruce, George Cooper.

**NIGHTMARE ALLEY** (111 min—Fox—1947). Edmund Gullery directed this while still in his prime—a powerful, visually one of kind film by the man who made *DAWN PATROL*, *DARK VICTORY* and *THE NAZIS S EDGE*. Central Frankie Tyrone Power seeks short-cut to fame and fortune as a pseudo-magician clairvoyant, Ruffianly manipulating and deceiving others, his quick rise to national prominence as a modern Gagliostro meets with sudden failure when tested by mere sane and educated female fatalist. Fleeing from criminal prosecution, he becomes a tramp and offers a circus job as a "gawk." When the manager asks him if he can do the job, Power replies, "Nister, I was born for it." Probably Power's best



Milton Reed in *THE NIGHT CREATURES*.

performance, with stand-out thespics by a great cast. Based on William Lindsay Gresham's bestselling novel. Joan Blondell, Helen Walker, Ian Keith (great!), Colleen Gray, Mike Mazurki.

**NIGHTMARE CASTLE** (50 min—AA—1966). Action and story-line doesn't start in pulling all the plugs-out on diabolically ghoulish events. Tortures, gore and horrors gleam with beautiful horror queen Barbara Steele in fine dual role as murdered wife (victim of mad scientist husband) and an unsuspecting cousin who marries the murderer. Sub-plot involves murderer's mistress who can only remain young via involved blood transfusions etc. Goblins and apes abound in a strong gothic setting, strong, heavy stuff—perhaps not for the family. Highly recommended. Director Allan Greenwald. Paul Miller, Herta Linc, Leatrice Giff.

**NIGHTMARE IN WAX** (95—Crown Int'l—1969). A make-up man whose face is scarred from an accident runs a museum where the figures are alive but paralyzed. Probably horror because of falling into house of horrors/wax museum motif, but Cameron Mitchell as monstrous "exhibitor" proprietor, weird acts and suspense make for okay horror and suspense combined with good photography, neat score. Anne Helm, Barry Kroeger, Scott Brady. Color.

**NIGHT MONSTER** (72 min—Univ—1942). Highly original and quite cerebral

idea is buried amid mistaking, shaky directing style by Ford Beebe and dumbly written script. Men without limbs (Ralph Morgan) invite people to his estate where he kills off one by one by creating temporary new limbs through their super meta physical will power. Some fine horror moments, nonetheless. Boris Lugov in terribly humiliating red herring role, his Astor, Irene Hervey, Lionel Atwill, Lari Gripton, Elvise Kipa.

**NIGHT MUST FALL** (117 min—RGM—1937). Very literate and sophisticated tension-ridden story, starring Robert Montgomery in his best role as wandering paychologist who visits kindly old Dame May Whitty in the country. He carries a strange hat box containing a head, but none of the characters (except the audience) realize this until... Based on Evelyn Williams stageplay hit. Riefeld Russell, E. E. Cive, Allen Marshall, Kathleen Harrison, Marie Tolleran.

**NIGHT MUST FALL** (135 min—MGM—1944). Director Keefe Keefe has one of several great films *WE ARE THE LAMBETH BOYS*, *MORGAN* (ISADORA), etc.), but his pleasant, rare wheedling style might have been too "ho" for the remake of the 1937 original. It just doesn't quite compare, despite Albert Finney's efforts to bring a nearer interpretation to the old Montgomery role—which doesn't work. Swish. Highlights.

Mona Washbourne, Sheila Hancock

**NIGHT OF BLOODY HORROR (90 min—Howe 1961—1968).** Bloody psycho goes berserk in this grade C sex horror variation on the PSYCHO theme. Features eyes gouged out, sex in urinal, disembodied hand and head (hoveled open with meat cleaver as main attraction). Not exactly Howard Johnson's menu. Draw your own conclusions—or confusions. Gaye Yellen, Gerald McRaney in Bloody Cater.

**NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS (97 min—MGM—1971).** Jonathan Frid a superb, and so are many of the other ingredients that not only created interesting moods in the daily TV version but enlivened 1970's HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS. Dan Curtis' 2nd feature film emerges pallidly like routine soap opera gothic, saved slightly only by the presence of good rentables like David Selby (who, as Charles Collins, inherits a house possessed by the spirit of a witch ancestor), Lara Parker, Graydon Hall, Nancy Barrett, Thayer David, John Karlen. **C+.**

**NIGHT OF TERROR (79 min—Col—1933).** Considered a "Tee" film, but so have others like MYSTERY OF THE MAX MUSEUM, not only "found" in 1970 but recently seen (with the original color) on tv. Series of dreadful murders take place in a neighborhood. Each new victim is found with an attached clipping of the previous murder. Low-budget, dated but charming. Bela Lugosi, Sally Blane, Wallace Ford, Tully Marshall.

**NIGHT OF THE BLOOD MONSTER (84 min—AIP—1971).** Atrociously poor imitation of CONQUEROR WORM (and THE WITCHFINDER GENERAL in England)—poor photography, dubbing, scripting, direction. Poor everything. Christopher Lee in reprisal of Vincent Price role (half-bare on persecuting witches and burning them). Was so bad that even AIP yanked it from distribution in most situations (that intended to show it co-billed with BLOOD FROM THE MUM, MY'S TOMB). Directed by Jess Franco, and produced by Harry Alan Towers (who makes even Bert I. Gordon's films look good). Marie Schell, Leo Genn. **C-.**

**NIGHT OF THE DEMON (89 min—E for CURSE OF THE DEMON).**

**NIGHT OF THE HUNTER (90 min—UA—1961).** Beautifully structured allegorical terror-suspense story, and one of the purest slices of films Americana to ever grace the screen. Psychotic preacher, Robert Mitchum, turns of a fortune hidden in Shelley Winters' house. Mouth'ing Scripture, he seduces naive Southern widgers and widow Winters whom he marries—and eventually murders, then goes after her children (who know what he is) and chases them through the countryside. As Charles Laughton's only directorial effort, one can only cry and wince over other great things he could have made and how he was badly wasted! Lillian Gish, Evelyn Varden, James Gleason, Peter Graves.

**NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (98 min—Reade—1968).** Reductively brings recently deceased back to life as roaming ghasts, infecting others who become like them and must eat living human flesh to be satisfied. A group of people seek refuge in country house and try fighting them off, only to be gradually infected. Since string budgeters look it could've been made for \$17,000 (actually cost more than \$150,000 because of Union demand), but has multi-million bucks impact. In less than 3 years it's become a cultus and underground cult favorite. Excellent photography, act-



Robert Montgomery and Rosalind Russell in NIGHT MUST FALL (1937).

ing, direction—grim, taut, black shocker overwhelms in gradual steps, with an unexpected profound "message" ending. Judith O'Dea, Russell, Steiner, Duane Jones, Karl Hardman. Directed by George A. Romero.

**NIGHT OF THE WITCHES (78 min—Mae-Ford—1972).** Veteran actor Keith Larsen, disfigured with a bushy beard and a new monster, Keith Erik Burt, directed and stars in this occasionally tolerable but predominantly dull spoof as a NIGHT OF THE HUNTER-type rapist-preacher who gets mixed up with a coven of witches. Pretty good rock score helps somewhat. Would have been more fun if they didn't out the nudity for a GP rating. Producer Vincent Fonti may be Vincent Edwards since that's his real name. Randy Stafford, Ron Taft, Kathryn Loder. **C-.**

**NIGHT THE WORLD EXPLODED, THE (94 min—Col—1957).** Very typical of a rash of 1950s ground-out-quick-in-lifers created by second-string directors who had a job to do but didn't really care what in hell SF fantasy was all about. Group of scientists are concerned over invisible pressure build up in Earth's core that threatens the end of everything. Fighting against time and director Fred Sears' (DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK) low budget, they solve the accounting disaster (but not the audience's problem). Tim Coffin, Kathryn Grant, William Leslie, Raymond Greenleaf, Marshall Reed. (Produced by Sam Katzman, king of movie schlock.)

**NIGHTMARE IN THE SUN (90 min—Aired—1964).** Familiar, often wretched-filled hunt-and-chase thriller, distinguished by imaginative color photography. Drifter John Derek is framed by crooked sheriff Aldo Ray for shotgun murder of Ursula Andress. Erratic, draggy direction by Marc Lawrence (familiar genre-type because of numerous films) with uneven performances. Sammy Davis Jr., Arthur O'Connell, Kantan Wynne. **C-.**

**NIGHT SLAVES (90 min, with common title—ASC—1970).** Engraving made for TV of all about marionettes from outer space who recruit entire town's inhabitants under hypnosis to enter the spectacle. James Franciscus is only person uninfected because of previous head surgery requiring a plate in his head. Far above average of its



David Selby in NIGHT OF DARK SHADOWS

kind, with good music it's **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS** (Lee Grant, Leslie Nielsen, Color).

**NIGHT TIDE (84 min)—AIP—(1963).** Very underrated atmospheric little fantasy classic. Sifter Dennis Hopper visits small California seaside resort with several little sandy side-shows. One of them contains a "mermaid" whom Dennis courts after working hours, but she warns him she's not normal and might bring evil into his life. Extremely compelling, imaginative, sentimental. Excellent acting and direction, even though very few bugs don't matter under director Curtis Harrington's brilliant touch. Lucie Arnaz, Lilli Lavan.



Dennis Hopper in **NIGHT TIDE**. To the right: Max Schreck as Baron Orlok in **NOSFERATU**.

**NIGHT TO REMEMBER, A (129 min)—Rank—(1958).** One of Hammer's best directors, Roy Baker, who helmed **FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH** (a many SF fantasies for TV, and a number of **AVENGERS** episodes), created the stunning *Awful Winner*. In this fine semi-documentation of the tragedy of the *Titanic* (based on Walter Lord's acclaimed best-seller), greater realism and in-depth treatment of the people who were involved reaps this above one well-made but Hollywoodized and superficially serene level of 1963's **TITANIC**. Baffling, nerve-wracking account of world famous tragedy. Great photography, special effects, performances. Kenneth More, Honor Blackman, Robert Ayres, Ronald Allen.

**NIGHT TRAIN (82 min)—Fox—(1948).** Utterly successful attempt by director Carol Reed (**THE THIRD MAN**, **ODD MAN OUT**, **OLIVER!**, and many more) to create a dynamic spy-suspense adventure in the best Hitchcock tradition. Story and action move at break pace with Rex Harrison in one of his best roles as early James Bond agent type who leaves his Brighton boardwalk business to assume a German colonel's identity to aid Margaret Lockwood's leather stockie Nazi Germany. Tense and adventure plenty, but much of it underlined with expertise set in the best British tradition. Basil Rathbone and Naughton Wayne (the golfers in **THE DEAD OF NIGHT**) are great and unforgettable. Paul Henreid.

**NIGHT VISITOR, THE (182 min)—UMC—(1973).** Lalo Schendek (**DEATH OF A**

**SALESMAN, THE WILD ONE**) directed this excellent and chilling suspense film about a Swedish farmer, falsely accused of murder, who gets sent to an insane asylum, where he finally does go insane, and then escapes to commit murder. Good Makino score. Trevor Howard, Liv Ullmann, Per Oscarsson, Color.

**NIGHT WALKER, THE (84 min)—Univ.—(1963).** Sometimes excellent, often nearly-peddled-out William Castle directed flick. Recurring nightmares set the stage for psychological horror mood as Barbara Stanwyck is haunted by ghastly visions men who bring her to the edge of suicide. A few good weird moments and neat performances

by all. Robert Taylor, Rosalind Hudson, Lloyd Bochner, Jack Mandel.

**1984 (81 min)—Col—(1956).** Quite faithful adaptation of Orwell's not-so-futuristic novel (at least, not by present-day standards) seems now more harrowing, identifying and salient than when written more than twenty-three years ago. Heavily influenced by Lang's **METROPOLIS**—but with its own unimpeachable originality—story focuses on Winston Smith (Edmund O'Brien) working for super-lol fascist state that controls British and other areas through mass deception by rewriting history. One of the State's protagonists is thwarting sex, family life, etc. and making love seem obscene, also keeping the entire nation in confused anxiety by constant edicts of war. (Sounds familiar?) Informers, 2-way police controlled TV in apartments, Big Brother watching one's frightening, almost surreal atmosphere. British-made, with superlative performances by Michael Redgrave, O'Brien, Jim Sterling, David Keir, David Kosoff, Mervyn Johns. A classic, directed by Michael Anderson (**THE QUILLER MEMORANDUM**, **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**, etc.).

**NOAH'S ARK (75 min)—Warner—(1928).** Part-serial panorama of famous Biblical account with a modern allegorical penne may seem quite dated, but worth catching for splendid spectacle scenes of Ark, animals, fantastic flood footage and truly special effects. Directed by Michael Curtiz (**MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM**, **THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD** and other great films). Colores Costello, George

O'Brien, Gann Williams, Noah Berry, Louise Fazenda, Myrtle Loy.

**NO BLADE OF GRASS (87 min)—MGM—(1970).** An English family, its friends and acquaintances struggle to survive against a plague caused by a deadly virus created by decades of environmental pollution. Producer-director Cornel Wilde's attempt to link up action-adventure with ecological horror nearly succeeds when not too bogged down by message-laden character of the script. Fairly good, but could've easily been much better. Nigel Davenport, Jean Wallace, John Hamill, Color.



**NONE SHALL ESCAPE (85 min)—Col—(1944).** Well-made film about Nazism always bear a rather alien, surreal quality by their ability to unlock doors that peer into dark, terrifying areas which only seem to belong in nightmares, mad scientists labs and houses of horror, but never before in real-life history on such a vast scale. This proves no exception in its incisive examination of social and human values eroding horribly under the heel of totalitarian oppression, Nazi-style. Alexander Knox is splendid as an ex-civilian whose opportunism as a high-ranking Nazi turns him gradually



Above: Gaudy Warbucks (3) in **THE NIGHT WALKER**. Right center: Steiger in **NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY**. Below: Max Von Sydow in **slideshow** with **Pierrot** in **THE NIGHT VISITOR**.

into a heartless, robot-like instrument of terror. Excellent script, photography and performance by all. Directed by Andre de Toth (**DARK WATERS**, **HOUSE OF WAX**, etc.). Marsha Hunt, Henry Travers, Wyllard Crane, Trevor Morris, Trevor Bardette.

**NO PLACE LIKE HOME** (originally titled **WHAT A CARVE UP!**)—37 min—Embassy—(1963). Great British cast in frothy bit, at times, strained black comedy. It's the old "bure to read the will" in a haunted house setting again. Too leveller and routine, but manages to provide some pleasant interludes in an old-fashioned cobb-



webby atmosphere. Directed by Bat Jackson. Dennis Price, Michael Gough, Shirley Eaton, Donald Pleasence, Kenneth Connor, Sidney James.

**NORTH BY NORTHWEST** (136 min—MGM—(1959). Alfred Hitchcock is one of the few great directors who's made so many films that stand the test of time and can be re-run over and over with new pleasure. In a memorable case of mistaken identity, Cary Grant is presumed to be a certain Mr. Kaplan looking for U.S. intelligence and hunted by U.N. delegate James Mason and his

cold-blooded assistant Martin Landau, who are in reality enemy agents. Washington is constantly aware of Grant's plight but can't afford to reveal itself nor aid him though he is tracked down by the spies and nearly killed several times. Intrigue, numerous twists and turns and never a dull second. Excellent location scenes include U.N. headquarters in New York, Chicago, chase scenes in a Midwest fair area and the Mount Rushmore climax remain supremely unforgettable. A truly great film classic! Bravo, Mr. Hitchcock! And... what a great Bernard Herrmann score! Eva Marie Saint, Jesse Royce Landis, Leo G. Carroll, Philip Ober, Gale.

**NOSEFERATU** (76 min—Param—1922). Bram Stoker's "Dracula" has yet to be faithfully adapted to the screen; but few will deny this to be the closest and best version, not just because of its brilliant, somber, antique look, but... it looks like it may have been filmed about a hundred years ago in Transylvania. Those who are familiar with the far better known Lugos **DRACULA** will find **NOSEFERATU** quite different about the same, but that's where the resemblance ends. Max Schreck, as the infernal vampire, is far more menacing and sinister, and a dark, dreadful gothic quality is sustained throughout with greater success. Few horror films have ever repeated a nightmare mood so well on the screen. A definitive horror film and an esteemed classic. Directed by F.W. Murnau (**DER JANUSKOPF** [Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde], **FAUST**, etc.). Alexander Granach, Gustav von Wangenheim, Grete Schroeder, Ruth Landshoff.



**NOTHING BUT THE BEST** (55 min—Revel—1965). Slightly misnomer of the memorable **THE SERVANT**, with Dirk Bogarde and James Fox. An ambitious male estate agent teams up with a haughty socialite to climb up the social ladder, then murders him and conceals the body in his landlady's house. He proposes to the landlady's daughter and feels safe, until he hears the house is being ransacked and his crime will be discovered. Contrived, but pleasant little time-killer set against nice British locations. Directed by Clive Donner (**WHAT'S NEW PUSSEYCAT**, **ALFREDO THE GREAT**). Alan Bates, Derek Holt, Harry Andrews, Celia.

**NOT OF THIS EARTH** (67 min—Allied—1957). The eyes have it as alien agents from outer space scheme to take over, but must wear dark glasses to hide their strange, pupil-less eyes. Their virginal tendencies, among other things, prove their Achilles heel. Fine acting by veteran Paul Birch and neat suspense-filled pace, photography at all levels economy of horrible cost-conscious director Roger Corman. Beverly Garland, Morgan Jones, William Roosack.

**NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY** (108 min—Param—1960). Psychotic film killer Rod Steiger employs seven different disguises as RC priest, homo, German janitor, in drag, etc., trying to knock off one naive female after another, succeeding well in some

cases. By day he's a well-heeled owner of a Broadway theater company, by night, office and penthouse apartment. Involved is detective George Segal who becomes the butt of Steiger's taunting cat-and-mouse game (at one point Steiger phones Segal and runs thru a gamut of imitations including W.C. Fields). All the gaudy gory stuff is more frosting for first-class black comedy. The piece is fast, colorful, witty, fine NYC location sequences, and Steiger is his best. Lee Remick, Eileen Heckart. Directed by Jack Bright (**THE ILLUSTRATED MAN**, etc.). Color.

**NUTTY, NAUGHTY CHATEAU** (100 min—Largent—1964). A law should be passed against companies in the "dubbing" business whose cheapo equipment and 10th-rate "actors" ruin films. This charming Roger Vadim directed film may be as another victim of the dubbing phobia. The period is today, but the eccentric members of a huge Scandinavian chateau prefer dressing in 18th century costumes, and are visited by a young man fleeing a scandal. The residents include a mysterious beauty, her avuncular brother, the lady's jealous husband, a sword cackling grandmother, and a ghost who turns out to be a bad-road kid in a rhyne bed in a dead. Based on Francine Segal's play. Curt Jurgens, Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, Suzanne Flan. Color.

**NUTTY PROFESSOR**, **THE** (187 min—Fox—1963). Even those who can't stand Jerry Lewis couldn't miss his screwy interesting in this takeoff on the Jekyll-Hyde theme. Jerry plays as awfully horribly college prof who turns into a delving, devil-may-care guy who's got a way with a woman. Embarrassment begins when all our Jerry uses wears off and he reverts back to Doc Rock, horniness. Some funny, good moments. Much better than usual Lewis stuff. Jerry directed. Stoffs Stovess, Howard Morris, Kathleen Freeman, Skip Ward. Color.

**NYOKA AND THE LOST SECRETS OF HIPPOCRATES** (100 min—Rep—1942). Feature-length version of 13 chapters serial **THE PERILS OF NYOKA**, and the second in the popular series, preceded by **JUNGLE GIRL** (1941). An expedition sets out to find the mysterious tablets of Hippocrates which possess secrets of life everlasting. Off in a remote area in Africa they enlist the aid of the only person who can help, Nyoka (Kay Aldridge), revered by local natives as a white goddess. Attempting to thwart and bring evil upon the expedition, a evil turn a Vultures (Lorne Grey) and her men. Lots of action, old-fashioned pulp adventure style knockabout thrills and spills. Quite good as serials go. Charles Middleton (Ming of **FLASH GORDON FAME**), Clayton Moore (**THE LONE RANGER**), William Bend Sin. Directed by William Whitney (**MASQUERADE OF THE WORLD**, starring Vincent Price).

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**NEXT ISSUE:** We'll zip through and cover all films under the letter O and, time permitting, we'll probably include listings under P and Q. By all means, don't stint from bringing any additions and corrections to our attention... even though we think our research department is the best of its kind around.





## FRANKENSTEIN AT LARGE

### FILMS

**GANJA AND HESS** (110 min.—Kelly Jordan, 1973). Another fantasy from Pittsburgh's George Romero (director of *Night of the Living Dead*, *There's Always Blood*, *The Crying*). But, something's happened to Romero since *LIVING DEAD*, and none of the original tap and quality is in this routine blend of witchcraft in suburbia as bored wife (Jan White) casts a few spells, seducing her daughter's boy friend (Ray Laine) and doing in her husband. Anne Mulloy, Jeodda McClain. Color.

**HUNGRY WIVES** (89 min.—Jack Harris, 1973). Another fantasy from Pittsburgh's George Romero (director of *Night of the Living Dead*, *There's Always Blood*, *The Crying*). But, something's happened to Romero since *LIVING DEAD*, and none of the original tap and quality is in this routine blend of witchcraft in suburbia as bored wife (Jan White) casts a few spells, seducing her daughter's boy friend (Ray Laine) and doing in her husband. Anne Mulloy, Jeodda McClain. Color.

**AT THE MEETING WITH JOYOUS DEATH** (82 min.—U.A., 1973). Finnish production directed with flair by Jean Ruuska, son of screen giant Lars Ruuska, concerns adolescent girl who brings various poltergeist activities to the surface in an old house, eventually attracting the attention of a TV program. Ruuska's film debut shows a potential talent equal to that of his

father, Franciscus Fabian, Jean-Marc Bory. Color.

**THE BUBBLE** (112 min.—Majestic Magic Vues, 1966). Not previously reviewed in *Café Arch* Observer, creator of 3D movies in the Fifties with EWANA DEVIL, spent fourteen years developing this 3D "Space-Vision" picture which uses only one camera and one projector. (The major flaw in Fifties-style 3D was projectionist rebellion against the necessary two projectors which had to remain in synch.) The SF fantasy story concerns aliens who are peopling a human zoo under a huge transparent dome. Michael Cole, Deborah Walley, Johnny Devered, Virginia Gregg, Olan Soule. 4th Dimensional Color.

**THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE** (108 min.—20th-Fox, 1972). A funny and frightening surrealistic vision in which a married life of constant eating is counterpointed by director-writer Luc Béraud, with continual interferences from the nightmarish "outside world" of military, religious and political hypocrisy. A delightful film, to be seen again and again. It might well be remembered as Béraud's best. Lacking the bitterness of Jean-Luc Godard's *WEEKEND*, a film in the same vein, *CHARM* effectively leaves no note unturned. Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, Stéphane Audran, Belle Oger, Jean-Pierre Cassel, Paul Frankeur, Michel Piccoli. Color.

**THE MIGHTY GORGA** (83 min.—American General, 1967). Shot in a wooded area near a supermarket parking lot, this low-budgeter tells of an expedition to a prehistoric African plateau where someone in a gorilla suit runs rampant. Directed by David Hewitt (if you call that directing) from a screenplay by Jean Hewitt and David Proutis (a pseudonym for the ubiquitous Russ Jones). Anthony Esley, Megan Timothy, Scott Brady. Color.

**JOURNEY TO THE CENTER OF TIME** (82 min.—Borealis/Dorad, 1966). Five time-travelers arrive in the year 6948 A.D., where they find the earth being destroyed by aliens. But they weren't successful enough (the film got released) and so the travelers reverse gear and head back to prehistoric times. Another bomb from David Hewitt with screenwriter Russ Jones still hiding under pseudonyms of David Proutis, Anthony Esley, Scott Brady, Gopi Penzala, Abraham Sofaer. Color.

**THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT** (82 min.—Holliston, 1972). A sadist's delight, from the people who gave you *MARK OF THE DEVIL*, scared looks, torture, rape and kill two teenage girls, then put theirs at sweating hands of one girl's parents. Has been heavily cut since premiere of original 91 minute version, but it's still depraved enough for all but the most far gone in an audience. Plenty of dozing, boring,

documentary, vomiting and hacking—reactions for the dissection of these as depicted (or misdepicted), with a little sensation thrown in and the added filly of one killer's member bitten off by the mother. Something for everyone. The producers claim it's a trailer of Bergman's VIRGIN SPUNG, but it's more like an updating of the Spanish Inquisition. Some of it, God help us all, is funny, and appears to have been so intended. Lucy Goughan, David A. Ross, Jennifer Ratt. Director: Wes Craven, Color.

**TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE** (84 min.—MGM, 1972). Mario Bava's 1970 "Ecology For A Crime"—i.e., let's face it, another masterpiece in a career studded with real (if obscure) achievements. Again extorting a strange, garish beauty from violent death and its attendant agonies, Bava adds to his reputation as the only true sadistic director around. Lovingly photographing each blood-flecked death throes, he actually glorifies (celebrates, if you will) the passing of each character in the film. That the picture is also hysterically cold-bloodedly funny certainly helps things along, since its non-stop series of murders is surrounded by what must be one of the most preposterous and confusing plots ever put on film. A bunch of mean, rotten, grasping types are after the lakeland estate of the late Countess Federico (friend of, of course) and before he is over the crime cast, literally has wiped each other out in a variety of ingeniously gruesome ways. The surprise ending may be the greatest since CITIZEN KANE. Claudio Violeto, Luigi Fanti, Calzadilla Auger, Color.

**BARON BLOOD** (90 min.—AIP, 1972). Mario Bava's other latest pic is a nostalgic throwback to the mid-60s when he was grinding out pulpie stuff like this at the rate of a couple per year. First terrorist Baron resurrected via witch's curse kills those who plan to turn his beloved Austrian castle into a tourist trap. Plenty of multi-colored mini, cobwebbed corridors, iron railings, screaming girls and bad acting (Joseph Cotten looks like he's still in shock from LADY FRANKENSTEIN). Opening reel is flat, but once inside the castle it's vintage Bava—all visuals and no plot (not much blood either, thanks to the PG rating)—and is terrific. Technicolor for the poets. Elke Sommer, Massimo Girotti, Rada Ruzsomer. Color.

**PERFORMANCE** (1969), **LAST TANGO IN PARIS** (1973), and **THE SPIDER'S STRATEGY** (1969). Jorge Luis Borges' short story "Theme of the Tzitzic and Ithra" (available in the New Directions p.b., "Labyrinths") is the basis for a meta-physical Italian television film, SPIDER'S STRATEGY, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. Borges' constant themes of cyclic time, transposed identities and the world as theater are caught in the web of Bertolucci's tangling camera. Investigating the assassination of his father, a young man (Guallo Bregno) finds that it was all a theatrical event, staged to hasten a revolt. His father had collaborated in his own death conspiracy, hastily assembling a scenario that borrowed from Shakespeare and adapting townspeople as "performers."

The film PERFORMANCE, also based on Borges stories ("Ion, Ughar and Orban Ternac" and "The South" in the Grove Press p.b., "A Personal Anthology"), echoes similar ideas when Turner (Jack Jagger) seems to lead events to a point that results in his own death. In Bertolucci's LAST TANGO IN PARIS, Paul (Marlon Brando) meets on a vicinarian affair with Jeanne (Maud Schneider), one without identities, without names ("We're going to forget

everything we know"), but the casual becomes casual. Trapped in the past, Paul comes to grips with the present during a tense contest, finally defines his relationship with Jeanne, needs her, punishes her and is killed by her as he asks her name. Victorious victim, his sudden need disappears with own death, recalling Borges' poem "There is nostalgia in every chord." The other parts and the half-size man, (The South, belated suspicious walk, Keeps a knife and a parlor.) (The burst of sound, the tempo, that / Wandering defies the routine years / Made of time and dust, man lines / Less long than the illudious melody / Which is only time. The large opens a torrid / Unreal past in certain measure true / An impossible recollection of having died / Fighting on some corner of a suburb.")

Lastly, before moving on to other films, we mention in this context the floating half-doggoes named imagery of Bobby Kennedy, his head jutting sharply at the sound of a flicker, a Bergman awareness of the spiraling events in which he was writing his own tragic scenario.

**WHO IS HARRY KELLERMAN? AND WHY IS HE SAYING THOSE TERRIBLE THINGS ABOUT ME?** (108 min.—Netflix, 1971). Realistic story (surreal) someone who's flipping out told obliquely with fantasy touches (falls from his airplane to his death's couch, etc.) in a sort of poor man's he-hum Americanized 88. Worth catching only because of high level of talent involved—director Eli Greenberg (THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES), writer Herb Gardner (A THOUSAND CLOWNS), and Dustin Hoffman—plus the long-awaited film debut of Dr. Hook (George Canning) and his Medicine Show, and a delightful boyden characterization by Richard Dreyfuss. Color.

#### BRIEFINGS

**THE REFINARATE** (122 min.—MGM, 1971). Slow-moving story about brain passed from person to person since the dawn of time) and film almost seems to take that long. Jack O'Leary, Jay Reynolds. Color.

**THE NIGHT DROGER** (110 min.—MGM, 1971). A great Norman Macdonald score highlights the psycho romp in the British backwoods. Screenplay by Ronald Dahl featuring his wife, Patricia Neal. Also, Pamela Brown, Nicholas Clay. Color.

**DARK DREAMS** (75 min.—Infinitum, 1971). Newly married couple meet the devil workshop. Sharp direction by Roger Corman. Tina Turner, Tim Long, Yorgo Yorgo, Kitty Kat (oh, c'mon now!). Color.

**UNMAN, WITTING AND ZIG** (100 min.—Pan., 1971). British schoolboys take over school high on a rocky cliff in engrossing suspense story, threatening their teacher (David Hemmings) with murder on the rocks and his wife (Corday Seymour) with rape in the gym. Based upon a play by Cato Cooper. Color.

**IN SEARCH OF DRACULA** (30 min.—Angel, 1972). In this Swedish documentary, Christopher Lee plays a triple role: as narrator, as Count Dracula and, in Roumanian garb, as Vlad Tepes, the bloodthirsty ruler of 15th century Transylvania, who inspired Stoker to write the novel "Dracula." This is the only film to examine the parallel between the fictional Dracula and the real-life Dracula. On-location scenes of Transylvanian folklore are interspersed with clips from well-known Dracula films.



#### MOVIES MADE-FOR-TV

**NIGHTMARE** (NBC Action Playhouse: 60 min.). A trip back into the film world for this irradiated man with a Robert Bloch eye-end. John Hume particularly good, as usual, in dual role of dominant and subservient sister. But we lost interest somewhere along the way. With Farley Granger (reappear in Hitchcock's STRANGERS ON A TRAIN).

**NIGHT SLAVES** (75 min.—WB, 1970). Outstanding performance by Lee Grant almost saves this adaptation of Jerry Seitz's novel about space travelers who hypnotize an entire small town into repairing their dented spaceship. One man (James Franciscus) is immune because of a steel plate in his head, but no one believes him when he tries to explain about the nightly repair operations. About halfway through the film drops down. Directed by Tod Post. Color.

**COLD COMFORT FARM** (120 min.—BBC). A pre-emption of NIGHT GALLERY allowed us to see this brooding, sinuous, sinister and quite fancy "Nostalgic Theatre" adaptation of Stella Gibbons' 1932 parody of encyclopedic burlesque fiction. Joy in Flora Poste (Sarah Badel) so intent on civilizing her relatives, the Strackadders' What is the strange Lowland farm secret of Cold Comfort Farm? What strange power does Aunt Ada (Fay Compton) hold over the family. Is it because she once saw "something nasty in the woodshed"? Alastair Sim is outstanding as Amos, a fire-breathing orator who sees The Devil at every turn. An excellent production, the only thing missing, perhaps, is a score of Lon Chaney Jr. starring. "I tell me now about the rabbits." Color.

**EARTH II** (75 min.—1971). Intended as a series pilot, this plausible and dilapidated film tells of disenchanted people who farm their own independent nation... on a huge space satellite no less! Anyone who'd give up the Earth (even with all its ecological problems) for 100% plastic life on a hunk of metal deserves to stay there. Terrible tale, however, has some nice props and sets (a Kubrick), and we begrudgingly admit that the scene of a hysterical woman unwittingly dropping a nuclear missile on Earth generated some fine suspense. With Gary Lockwood. Color.

**SHORT WALK TO DAYLIGHT** (90 min.—with commercials—ABC, 1972). We were greatly impressed by this "natural disaster" flick because of its conscientious effort at depicting human survival. A Missionary catastrophe on a Sunday at 2 a.m. traps a small group of people on the Lexington Avenue subway. Dir-

action (Barry Shear) and acting as top-drawer with performers going excellently through their paces and getting quite a workout. The cured bag of people include: a young jurist, his protector, an "old lady" (wearing ironically a Superman T-shirt), conductor, not-too-bright cop, girl from Iowa, militant black type, etc. Predictably, there were the usual racial tensions found in the *survivor* genre (*World, Flesh and the Devil*, and *Fire*), but this aspect took a back seat to the theme of DELIVERANCE underground. The best scene shows the East River peering into the tunnel, handled as such a convincing fiction that we totally overlooked how improbable this seemed. Most of the truck trick was carefully researched to tally with the existing subway system... but how did they get to Bowling Green from 50th Street without transferring? James Brien, Don Mitchell, Frankie Cozz, Abbey Lincoln, Brooke Bundy, Suzanne Charry, Laurence Spang, James McEachin, Lazare Penta. Color.

**WELCOME HOME, JOHNNY BRISTOL** (2 hrs. with commercials—Cinema Center, 1970). Tight, suspense-filled story of 'Nam POW who spends three years in a cage and returns to U.S. to find his hometown (Charles, Vermont) missing. We've always been fascinated by tales wherein the entire plot premies images on a pan (1953's *RED PLANET MARS* and Thomas Pynchon's novel, "The Crying of Lot 49" for example). The pos can't be revealed without revealing the ending, but, suffice to say, that the search by Bristol (Martin Landau in excellent form) through his past—an orphanage, his recruiting officer, his Philadelphia aunt and the vacant spot where Charles, Vt. once stood—was so engrossing that one can only regret that Cinema Center folded up and vanished just like Charles, Vt. Good performances by Jane Alexander, Forrest Tucker, Brock Peters, John Hoyt. Color.

**A CHRISTMAS CAROL** (30 min—ABC). Another engagement in Christmas of '71 kept us from seeing this when first telecast, so this past Xmas we made a point of making it. It's designed by Richard Williams, a Canadian who started the entire world of animation fifteen years ago with "The Little Island," a virtual one-man production which took him three years to make (see article in *Journal of Frankenstein*). For "The Charge of the Light Brigade" he finished a prologue utilizing the techniques of old editorial cartoons and, remarkably, seemed to animate literally thousands of faces. His adaptation of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" is not only Williams' best film, not only revolutionary in its animation techniques, not only worthy of being placed alongside all the other live-action film adaptations of "A Christmas Carol," but it is also a definitive answer to his own statement of fifteen years ago: "I felt that animation is not, as is usually considered, a primarily funny medium. I'm sure that when it is developed further it can be moving and satisfying." And certain scenes do just that. The imagery, in fact, is best compared to the works of painter Arthur Geraschaw and Francis Bacon or graphic artist Karel Kalfow. The three ghosts are truly awesome creations, stunning in originality and far surpassing any previous film conceptions of these Dickens' characters. Williams has opened the door to another world. The world of the Great Books Animator is envisioned by author Philip K. Dick in "The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch." Anything is possible. How about "The Picture of Dorian Gray" in the style of Aubrey Beardsley? Or Poe in the style of Harry Clarke? Or "Frank-



Seems that some TV programs, especially *WTF*, are as good (if not better) as theatrically released productions. A sign of the times? Whatever the case, *THE NIGHT STALKER*, starring Darren McGavin and Barry Atwater, got the highest return any made-for-TV program's required... in TV history. *Carp's* proud, of course, of the fact that it had to tape our guests to do it: "SP-Artist Usher Allen!" Two shots above with Atwater as the Super Vampire who made TV Horror History.

enstein" in the style of Gainsborough? We're waiting, Richard.... Color.

**ELECTRIC COMPANY** (30 min—PBS). Pleased by low ratings, this show is inescapably compared to *SESAME STREET*. We respectfully submit that *ELECTRIC* might, quite possibly, have more educational value for tots. While you're watching to see if you agree with us, stay on the lookout for the episode in which the "dr" sound is illustrated by a man-on-the-street interview with Decade. (Actually, *Decade*, since the characterization is by Morgan Freeman.) Later, the same character is seen

on a Franchettish set. Another great bit is a private detective named Fargo North, Decoder. His office is equipped with a wild fishing computer that displays more words to learn. (Here's one, luddies—Alucab. That's Alucab spelled backwards.) Color.

**THE LOVE WAR** (90 min—with commercials—1970). Slow-moving low-budget about aliens fighting a "war" on Earth. Repetitive shots of automobiles pulling up in empty fields makes this look like a Republic serial. "War" actually is a handful of people in business suits with nap guns. Some two-jerky moments of sentiment-



A scene from **A TRIP TO THE MOON** (1962), part of a Georges Méliès retrospective made available through the facilities of PBS/NET. Méliès pioneered in virtually all areas of filmmaking, utilizing a large amount of animation combined with revolutionary camera and live action techniques.

ality, but fails despite good acting shown by Lloyd Bridges and Angie Dickinson. Color.

**DAFFY DUCK AND FORKY PIG MEET THE GROOVIE GOOLIES** (60 min., with comm.—1970). Animated feature about movie studio sabotage includes a caricature of the Frankenstein Monster complete with Boris Karloff type voice. Quite charming and a relief from the usual postmodernism of Hanna-Barbera crap that's playing TV these days. Color.

**OF MEN AND WOMEN** (60 min., special with comm.—ABC, 1972). Four playlets. The last, "All On Her Own" by Tennessee Williams, has Lee Remick all alone talking to the ghost of her dead husband. Is he there or not? Irritating him, she answers her own questions to him. Or is it really him, speaking through her? Color.

**THE MOONSTONE** (6 hours, no commercials—BBC and PBS). Presented by MASTERPIECE THEATRE. The 19th century fiction of Wilkie Collins, author of mysteries and fantasies, turns up often in anthologies today. Son of painter William Collins and a sometime collaborator with Charles Dickens, he is best remembered for two novels: "The Woman in White" (1860) and "The Moonstone" (1868), generally regarded as the first English-language detective novel. The opening chapter in this tv series (one of six hour-long episodes) sets the tone, tracing the history of the Moonstone; stolen from an Indian statue, it has been inherited by Rachel Venard (Mwen Hudson), a proper young lady who is unaware the diamond she wears simply by possessing it. Alastair Cooke hosts the series. John Welsh, Robin Ellis, Basil Dignam, Color.

**THE PLOT TO OVERTHROW CHRISTMAS** (60 min.—PBS). The only worthwhile recreation of Radio's Golden Age on television. Carson stayed out of the way as Norman Corwin shepherded a cast (John McIntire, Allen Reed Sr., Ed Platt, others) in a radio studio broadcast of his 1938 howl about Santa threatened by the Devil. Every other effort to recapture the magic of radio on tv has usually resulted in a three-minute jumble of old film clips of radio

personalities. Well, that's not radio. This is. Watch it! Color.

**THE SNOOP SISTERS** (2 hr., with comm.—1972). An attempt, somewhat labored and definitely overlong, to recapture and recreate the mood of Forbes' mystery comedies. Two N.Y. mystery writers, Emeline and Gwendolyn Snoop (Helen Hayes and Mildred Natwick), try to solve the murder case of Norma Trent (Pauline Goddard), who once starred in movies with titles like *The Unholy Four*. Entire mystery plots around a peep and in Pauline Goddard's 1940 film, *THE GHOST BREAKERS*. If you can sit through two hours of this, you'll be rewarded (though we found it trying at first). Note the ad and there's a clip from *GHOST BREAKERS*, a film rarely seen on tv. There's also an excellent (but misleading) opening and closing sequence showing a collage of mystery paperback covers illustrated by Tom Aders and others. Jill Clayburgh, Art Carney, Bill Dana, Craig Stevens, Kurt Kasznar, Ed Platt, Color.

**THE PICASSO SUMMER** (90 min., with comm.—1969). Never released to theaters, but originally intended for theatrical release, recently it went straight to tv. You'll see why. It's awful! And one of the most boring flicks ever made. The fact that 30 or 40 minutes were lopped off from its original running time still couldn't have restored this disaster even if it was shown intact. It's reviewed here only by being an adaptation of Ray Bradbury's fine short story—and there's a nice attempt to animate Picasso's paintings. Albert Finney, Yvette Mimieux, Color.

**THE HORROR AT 37,000 FEET** (90 min., with comm.—CBS, 1973). Somewhat reminiscent of the great *GHOST GOES WEST*, in

plotting if not in style, is the evil spirit of an ancient castle cruises aboard a T47. Excellent opening scenes but suspense doesn't sustain. William Shatner, Roy Thinnes, Chuck Connors, Tierney Giesse, Buddy Ebsen, Jane Morrow, Lyn Loring, Will Hutchins. Color.

**SOMEONE AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS** (90 min., with comm.—ABC, 1973). Debra Mills is now firmly established as tv's leading foreign thriller actress with this one. Perhaps it's simply that she portrays victimized women better than anyone else ever has, giving highly improbable situations a breath of great truth. We won't give away the ending—it's too good. But what seems like an ordinary thriller (two girls being entranced in mysterious boarding house) turns out to have a most unusual fantasy climax. Judy Carne, Frances Wallis, Athena Chaiton, Color.

**SUICIDE CLUB** (90 min., with comm.—ABC, 1973). Updated version of a Robert Louis Stevenson story (made at least twice as a theatrical film, and more than six times in various TV versions) concerns bored gambler (Peter Haskell) who finds ultimate kick—a club run by suicides (Joseph Weisman of *DR. NO* fame) with life-and-death stakes. Margot Kidder, George C. Scott, Maureen Stuart, Color.

**THE NOBLEST TAPES** (90 min., with comm.—NBC, 1973). Poorly written dialogue makes this one a bummer. Much riding around Big Sur as Roy Thinnes checks out the supernatural. Angie Dickinson gives uneven performance, looking as if she suddenly grasped how bad this movie was going to be. Leaving only a brief appearance by Rod Taylor in justification for seeing this. Calista Allen, Vanessa McGee, Michele Carey, Color.

**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** (90 min., with comm.—NBC, 1973). Excellent casting in the Laurel Burt reinvention of the oft-dramatized Robert L. Stevenson novel with Kirk Douglas accepting the transformation (in mid-song) with few makeup tricks (just tousled hair and a curled lip). Douglas' version of the double role is as good as any, and his singing voice, surprisingly, was unrestrained and harmful of his



and vocal manifestations. The story's concentration on the romance angle (Susan Harpoot as Isabella and Susan George as the mistress) put the final horror scenes even more impetuous. Particularly outstanding—a graveyard scene where Hyde plays an ancient puzzle. Donald Sussman, Michael Redgrave, Stanley Holloway, Ish Bower. Color.

**HAUNTS OF THE VERY RICH** (90 min., with color.—1972). Seven people trapped in a sort of *OUTWARD BOUND* hotel start to saddle about once they realize the film has no director. Based on T.K. Brown's Playboy story, Gore Verbinski—whose talent keeps in whole affair from collapsing completely—starts with Lloyd Bridges, Anne Francis, Edward Amis, Donna Mills, Robert Reed. Color.

**THE STRANGER** (120 min., with color.—ABC, 1973). Imagine *THE PRISONER*, *THE FUGITIVE* and *JOURNEY TO THE FAR SIDE OF THE SUN* all in one flick, and you've got an idea of what this one's like. Good script, powerful, Glenn Corbett, Cameron Mitchell, Dan Jagger, Sharon Acker, Lew Ayres, George C. Scott, Steve Franken, Tim O'Connor. Color.

**PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY** (180 min., with color.—ABC, 1973). A number of years since *DARK SHADOWS* appeared daily as TV's only reliable Gothic soap opera, practically every old Universal horror Disk package was used by producer Dan Curtis, and inaccuracies were so rampant we finally lost count. But no one really minded because all of it was so much fun, and Fred and the rest of the cast were dumber, hard-working and talented regulars. But when Curtis reverted back to his old DG gimmicks and contrivances in ABC Specials, they were appalling. Especially when, after waiting for his 2-parters on *FRANKENSTEIN*, all of the old ham-drum plasticity and waxy afternoon TV quality became evident and terribly disappointing on viewing. Now, though, something's happened to Curtis—*DORIAN GRAY* was damned good! Of course, he had a good writer for a change—Oscar Wilde whose brilliant novel (some say it was his semi-autobiography) was loudly excerpted verbatim. And writer's like Oscar are hard to find these days. Shane Priest as Dorian isn't quite as dynamic as Hend Balford was in the MGM theatrical version of the Forties, but overall production values and an excellent cast (and Nigel Davenport as Barry Wortin!) are almost brilliant, and this version didn't stint on certain implications of perversion as did MGM. Shown in two parts, with Charles Addams and Pinella Fusco. Color.

**GARGOYLES** (90 min., with color.—CBS, 1972). Anthropologist Cornell Wilde and daughter investigate wild tale of monsters told by an economic desert prospector. Later at his motel, they're attacked at night by a gargoyle (who kidnaps the girl to their time mountain lair. Featured are some fine scenes of great terror, such as the gargoyle egg-hatching chamber (filmed on location in Caribbea Caves); hot action somewhere lingers into a kind of wretched serial style. Miss Salt (excellent in HE, MOM! and BREWSTER McCLOUD) brings life to some cliché situations, but even she was thrown by the scene calling her to give reading lessons to winged gargoyle leader Bernat Casey who dares plans for world domination. Grayson Hall, Scott Glenn, Woodrow Chamblin. Color.



Dorian Gray's appearance (as seen in *PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY* above) in final stage of super-duper degeneration, ugliness and nobility.



## LITERATI

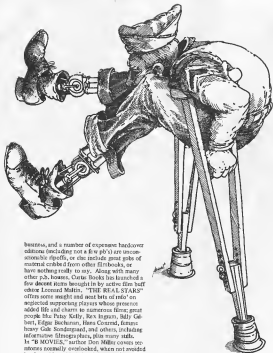
**"The Great Stoker Bedside Companion"**  
(Tupling Publishing Co., \$6.50, 1973).  
Edited by Charles Osborne.

The book's jacket blurb is about as well researched, interesting and informative as the editor's vapid little introduction. "Known mainly as the author of the classic 'Dracula' . . . Stoker has not received the attention he deserves for his other masterly tales of horror. This anthology, compiled by a lifelong admirer of 'Dracula,' will help end that neglect. It includes a previously unpublished chapter from that novel. . . For this alone, the anthology is

a must for all connoisseurs of the macabre."

Unfortunately, the "previously unpublished chapter" referred to is "Dracula's Guest," published on numerous occasions in anthologies past and present, and of the remaining nine Stoker tales, at least four seem well known to anthology buyers in recent years: "The Judge's House," "The Burial of the Rats," "The Secret of the Gowning Gold," and, of course, "The Square." The other five tales appear quite new, though, and this might be of substantial value to Stoker fans and collectors. However, \$6.50 is much too expensive for less than 219 pages of reading, considering what's currently available for a few quarters in paperback form. Still, our annoyance over this collection wouldn't be so acute if editor Osborne really proved himself a "lifelong admirer" of Stoker by offering much more than what he provided in his small, threadbare seven-page "Introduction," based mostly on sketchy "facts" and popular information known to most SF/fantasy buffs. As a p.s., selling for around \$1.25, it wouldn't have been bad, but in a \$6.50 item (and a very impressive, small size hardcover at that), no way!

**"The Real Star" — "B Movie" — "Punkin Strapper"** (Certs Books; \$1.50 ea., 1973). Everyone, almost, is getting into the filmbook



business, and a number of expensive hardcover editions (including not a few pb's) are unreasonable efforts, or the include great jobs of material cribbed from other filmbooks, or have nothing really to say. Along with many other p.b. houses, Curtis Books has launched a few decent films brought in by active film buff editor Leonard Maltin. "THE REAL STARS" offers some insight and neat bits of info on neglected supporting players whose presence added life and charm to numerous films; great people like Patsy Kelly, Rex Ingram, Billy Gilbert, Edgar Buchanan, Hana Comand, famous heavy Cole Sledge, and others, including informative filmographies, plus many stills. In "B MOVIES," author Don Miller covers persons usually overlooked, when not avoided by the viddy viddy infatuated snob critics (who are too dumb to realize the historical and aesthetic place of the B films). Not only is there a plethora of well-written material on oodles of B films made by different studios, such as PRC and Monogram, but loads of stuff about Lagoon, Kaelhof, other horror greats, etc., including a great index that lists more than 1500 films mentioned in this chunky 350 page book. Lots of fun to read, and... recommended!

"PRESTON STURGES" offers a biography and much data about an outstanding writer-producer-director who occupies a niche in truly American-style filmmaking shared only by a handful like Capra, Ford, D.W. Griffith and Orson Welles. Including really detailed filmography data and many scenes, it's a lovely work about the man who gave us films like IF I WERE KING, THE GREAT MCGINTY, SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS and I MARRIED A WITCH, to mention just a few. An engrossing book about a really beautiful man.

Copies of the above may be made available for \$1.50 each, plus 25¢ for handling, by writing to: Film Fan Monthly, 77 Grayson Place, Teaneck, N.J. 07666.

Arise Jan Faust's movie impression of a disabled war veteran—one of 101 rare pen illustrations in "The Underground Sketchbook of Jan Faust" (Dover, 1971). Faust has been acclaimed as an artist who works in the time-honored tradition of Goya, Da Vinci, Klee and Grosz. And the word for this tradition is genius.

out of Hollywood, edging out Sterling Hayden's "Wanderer." Capra offers real insight into the creation of motion pictures, along with entertaining anecdotes. One full chapter is devoted to the filming of LOST HORIZON, describing his ingenious idea of converting a working cold storage warehouse into a studio to get a true effect of snow and ice on the screen. Ever wonder what happened to the first two reels of LOST HORIZON? Capra threw them in an incinerator after preview audiences laughed their heads off.

WEIRD TALES (75¢—3 issues \$2.35) published by Leo Margakis, 8230 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90048).

Except for AMAZING and FANTASTIC (and mainly because of Ted White's editorial presence, his articles and non-fiction contributors, not because of "fiction" ranging mostly from far to bluish), the SFantasy pro-rag field has been in a state of hibernation, atfected—as have most American magazines—by a Madison Avenue style "formal" and patious dehumanization more than eighteen years for approximately beginning when finally looking larger size pulps died out). Suddenly, we see the rebirth of what was beyond doubt the greatest SFantasy publication (specializing in fantasy-horror tales) that's ever existed? And how is it now, under the editorship of SFantasy scholar-historian-anthologist etc. Sam Moskowitz? The answer is simply: GREAT! Sam's spent over the years a fortune collecting and researching SFantasy—unlike other collectors who simply hoard, Sam shares his enthusiastic scholarship (as he's proved in his various anthologies, articles, etc.) by offering his knowledge and findings to the public.

In this second of WEIRD TALES (after being out of business nearly twenty years) nearly every story is a highlight, in part due to Sam's informative introductory notes to some by such writers as Ray Bradbury, Robert E. Howard, Robert W. Chambers, Edmond Hamilton, to name but a few of the fifteen stories contained. Sam's excellent biography of William Hope Hodgson (part One of three parts) is alone worth 75¢. The entire issue itself goes to share most SFantasy paperback anthologies selling for much more. Like many "new" publications (you can't expect the average wholesaler to appreciate a mag that started in 1923 and introduced Lovecraft, C.A. Smith, Bradbury, etc.), WT's summer 1973 issue was hard to find; there's no guarantee the next few will be easier to find. You should support this publication and have your friends do the same. God only knows, there are few publications as it is worthy of being called "magazines."

"Schmuck," by Bob Thomas (Pocket Books, \$1.25—1972).

The authoritative biography of David O. Selznick is the final volume of Thomas' trilogy on Hollywood producers (GIVING THAILAND and HARRY COHN were the first two). Scattered throughout the 387 page book are more than 140 photos, including such Selznick productions as THE MONKEY'S PAW (1933), KING KONG (1933), Hitchcock's REBECCA (1940) and SPELL-BOUND (1945), PRISONER OF ZENDA (1937) and GONE WITH THE WIND (1939). There's detailed coverage of the filming of the romantic fantasy, PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (1949), a reproduction of the actual portrait used in the film, and such nostalgic nuggets as when Adolphe Menjou in GONE WITH THE WIND, you're actually seeing the huge gates used in KING KONG affairs somewhere on the screen.

"The Name Above The Title," by Frank Capra (350 pages; Bantam Books, N.Y.—1972). Perhaps the best autobiography to ever come



(continued from page 5)

zealots we now have a profane tone of crudely snarl, rage, stunts and films crowding out higher, more intellectual and creative achievement that could enable rather than devalue lachrymose topics. —CoF's cover being opaque? If they were we'd never make the news stands. But we'll let our other readers take care out to correct you if they'd like. —CTB

#### VAMPIRES LIB

Dear Cal: I see that you printed my first letter to you and it would be a heck to see it in all over the College viewing it to all my friends. One professor asked me if I really read monster mag. Only when intelligent people can read trash. And since my letter was an intelligent one, I see no reason to be ashamed. Is there a possibility of Chris Lee making it as a Companionate endorsement? I think I have developed a crush on him!

You may have overlooked a couple of good films in your review, one of them being THE SCISSOR MAN, a realistic comedy that's a clever retelling of all the horror films made in the 30's. It has all the elements, a corpse returning from the grave, revenge, a romantic interest, a wild mystical community, even passively storming to the public with torchlight, here metamorphosed into grotesque mutants. And as much as I love George C. Scott, I kept yearning for Boris Karloff in the role and for Boris Lugosi as the mad killer stalking the heroine. But I'm glad you covered THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS, which made one of the most delightful TV ratings I have had in a long time. By the way, there are several things you might like to know. One is a book, "The Late Great Creation," by Brock Brower. It's sick, it's bad taste and damned funny. It's all about the horror movies and the protagonist is a composite of Lon Chaney, Lugosi, Lorré, Karloff etc. Recommended by all means and a joy to read.

The other thing is that The Transylvanian Liberation Front was recently founded in State College, Pa., by a mild mannered history professor. He is a full Transylvanian by birth, and he doesn't like the image that films are projecting of his native country, and he wants if another joke is cracked at a Romanian's expense, he won't be responsible for what will happen in the next full moon. Two days later the Transylvanian Liberation Front said that they were third, too, of being taken by a bunch of noisy Romanians.

Address: I, Inc. 930 Market St., Lewisburg, Penna. 17037.

—We've even heard about a new group calling itself The Lib seeking more freedom for Nazis and have a agency workers.

And have you heard the latest appalling news about the Vampire League in Transyl-

vania? Seems they've been creating a new massacre dish, made up of the buried bodies of great robbers they've captured—it's called Ghoul Ash...of course. —CTB

#### BOOK & FILM MOOD

Dear Cal: I would like to mention some books of CoF interest that have come to my attention. Perhaps you have heard of some of them.

Two books on Stanley Kubrick are quite good. Alexander Walker's "The Films of Stanley Kubrick" and Norman Kagan's "The Cinema of Stanley Kubrick." Both show Kubrick's thematic development, through his growing cinematic awareness, and offer excellent photographs. Walker's book offers a visual analysis by Helicon that is excellent, though I quibbled over their choice of stills in some cases, and some facts leave more attention than others.

Kagan's book offers more on Kubrick's earlier work, as well as his later ones. I was annoyed at Walker's publisher, Harcourt, Brace, for a misleading top-off, their book came out in 1971 before A CLOCKWORK ORANGE was completed. However, these were only film 1, and in an interview included in the book Kubrick tells about techniques used in CLOCKWORK. First. But, in, I return to the library recently, and discover another edition of Walker's book, deceptively smaller looking but saying "expanded edition" on the cover, and CLOCKWORK is included in a full chapter. What annoyed was that this expanded edition was \$3.25, but the first, shorter version was—get this—\$8.95!

This is almost as bad as the publisher of "My A Duck" by Richard J. Mayhew, the book that employed titles and accompanying dialogue from the Marx Brothers' films. They published a hardcover edition at \$7.25, then released a soft-cover (same title) for \$3.95. Oh, well, this sort of thing abounds. I guess Noble has two more books on the same order, one on Abbott and Costello, the other on W.C. Fields (desides his "Daffy" book).

In the Stanley Field, two excellent books: John Sargent's "Science Fiction in the Cinema," and an anthology in the "Focus On Film" series, "Focus On Science Fiction," edited by William Johnson. Max Gluckman is fine, but he shows a weakness for Jack Arnold's Creature Film (e.g. CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON and its sequel) that is beyond comprehension.

Jonathan "Focus On Science Fiction" contains articles by Heinlein, Clarke and film critics giving opinions and facts on sci films. An interesting article is included that was written in the 60's about the delectable taste of films back then, at least according to his author, Rich and Hodgkins. Also, excellent articles on the filming of sci, like THE TIME MACHINE and 2001. An interesting bit is a section devoted to filmmakers and writers involved in it. I add I given a short paragraph sort of interview—people like Anthony Burgess, James Ashby, Arthur C. Clarke, Harryhausen, Richard Math-

eson, et al. Quite fascinating.

A few others worthy of attention. Again, in the Focus series, "Focus On CITIZEN KANE," examining all aspects of the epic American film. On the same note, Joseph McBride's "WELLES" in the Cinema One Series, and "The Citizen Kane Book," by Pauline Kael, Herman G. Weinberg's "Isidore Cabela," with an introduction by Fritz Lang, is quite good. And John Simon has a book out by the same people who published "Stanley Kubrick Directs," titled "Isidorus Benjamin Cabela." It contains four Bergman films Simon considers Bergman's best: THE NAKED NIGHT, JARVIS known as THE CLOWNS EVENING, SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT, WINTER LIGHT, and PERSONA. Like Walker's book, this, too, has a visual analysis by Haycock.

THX—1138 came to Club-TV's ch. 2 on April 17th, and it was out to libraries. That's the corporate version, I guess. I'll send for give them for not showing STRICH & BONES, twice.

Before ending, am wondering whatever happened to your FM radio show. When it went off, it was announced that this wasn't permanent, just for awhile. Speaking of disappearing acts, why didn't I finally film get better distribution? If they last one week in some dimly lit New York theatre, that's a long run. It's comradely annoying!

Robert Schaffer, 3-07 Lumbert Rd., Fair Lawn, N.J. 07410.

—Our radio show, CAL RECK'S RADIO ODYSSEY, lasted nearly eight grueling months, winding up early November, 1972. It was amazing how much time and energy was being consumed just to put on an hour's program once a week—especially when you have to do it by yourself. We were beginning to get sponsors and show signs of breaking even, but something had to give, and it did in a lot on CoF cultural time. The worst of it was that we had "engaged" the services of a carnie character as "bureau manager" who never did anything. For the first several months the program moved up from a 7 a.m. to a comfortable 1 a.m. time slot (with an option for additional hours and more days each week), and was being heard by excited new thousands of listeners, phenomenal for such a new show!

Unfortunately, radio (especially FM) has been suffering a tight money situation, most advertising funds being allocated for TV. This may explain the reason why most of radio is so atrocious and unworthy of one's listening time. Of course, there's no doubt good radio programming is possible, and that undoubtedly I'll remember doing a show again—but under more promising and helpful conditions.

CBS-TV, as well as other networks and local stations, is notorious for snafuize coverage (if we still have enough space, note our special editorial on the matter elsewhere

## WANTED: MORE MONSTERS LIKE...



this issue! You're only releasing it to overcome postmaster leniency, write to the producers of such companies and complete like hell!

And your book report and why there are cheap soft-cover and expensive hardcover editions of the same book in circulation:

Because of an awful film book project we've been engaged in since last year, which one of the biggest publishing companies, we've been able to develop a little more insight into the problems of the book publishing world. Though there are many similarities between magazine and book publishing, they exist in totally separate worlds. Defining everything would require a whole chapter, but cutting it all down to the bare bones:

For the past ten years hardcover publishing costs have, in proportion to all other cost-of-living increases, spiraled enormously. Consequently, except for several thousand libraries, hardcover collectors, buffs and plain people who still love the feel and touch of a "real" book, paperback, or soft-cover editions, at where all book publishing money exists for the most part. Until about eighteen months ago, hardcover books were not in very bad straits, especially where popular "best sellers" were concerned; it was mostly marginal, intellectual material, scholarly, school, research, etc. (such as textbooks, film books, and so on) that required especially vital support so that publishers could realize profits and authors earn sufficient royalties to encourage their costs in creating such books. If hardcover sales did fairly well because of book store discounts, an author might feel happy in the knowledge that his earnings (roughly 10% on, say, a \$7.95 hardcover edition would be certainly far better than on a 10% share of a \$1.95 paperback. However, in the long run, far more profits were being realized on paperbacks solely from "volume" sales—paperback often outsells its hardcover version something like ten-to-one. If not better. True, nothing can match the quality and good looks of a nice hardcover. And here's where the fly in the ointment appears:

Shaky though hardcover publishing may have been, it still had a chance, largely buoyed by funds that thousands of libraries could spend from book buying funds allocated to them over the years through a Governmental budget doled out by HEW (the House Committee of Education and Welfare). In one of the most famous moves against media and intellectual activity, Nixon applied his presidential veto last year on nearly every dollar of HEW's library budget. Without ample funds, libraries were crippled from their able to order hardcover editions directly from publishers. This, in part, may clarify the reason why there is such a ferment of activity in softcover, or paperback publishing. They'll never compare with attractive hardcover books, of course, as any true book lover knows. Perhaps the current Watergate investigation may help stifle this ferocious reputation also. —CTB

## THE KIMBER REPORT

Dear Cal: Will wonders never cease! Your fine magazine pulled a surprise appearance at my local smoke stop.

Unfortunately, COF no. 18 was a dud. The Harryhausen interview was the only worthwhile item. The editors were excellent. The rest of the issue consisted of nothing more than reviews and synopses of films already covered elsewhere months ago. Your observations seemed much too clinical. Sure, like our world sometimes, but having a sense of fun is just as important. You're not Time magazine, you know. I've not commented on the dominant aspect of COF in the past because the features were good enough to make me forget your constant politeness. Not this time, however. The world of fantasy is just their fantasy—and I don't want to read your views on Nixon especially when it interferes with my occasion into another world. You're the only person I know who still uses the terms "flower power" and "mopler" when speaking of a counter culture, folks... from now on how about using the term "beatnik"? Ahh, good old nostalgia! etc.

The thing making the previous issue, no. 18, so great was your considerable emphasis on things other than the latest horror films that everyone else has already done. The great artists you spotlighted—Ken Kelly, Ken Barr, Neely Wood, Volp, Gilling, Neal Adams and Jim Simons. Particularly important for comics fandom were your innovative reviews of our best fanzines. Anyone just starting into comics should check this thing to get a good beginning to the fabulous world of fanzines. Articles like the ones on EL TOPO and NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD were amazing. Little known titles that of your readers probably

## WANTED: MORE MONSTERS...



never heard of but these. This aspect is a trademark of COF. Keeping readers informed about little known gems of literature is the SF/fantasy world. Take that article on Lovecraft by Horton for example. While his opinions probably enraged many, discussion of major influences in the realm of horror and fantasy can only be beneficial for everyone. All these things were absent from no. 18 and made it considerably drier.

As to comics, only 2 or 3 pages of reviews and discussing latest trends wouldn't hurt. Possibly a return of the Comic Book Council is a solution, but this time using prominent fans to discuss such comic. Comics has been derivative ever since they began. Building derivation upon derivation, taking bits and pieces from everywhere until the whole appeared original. So today it's in the open. Where's the big difference? [Completely agree on derivation. As one sage wisely put it, "We only function well, do great things and stand out because we feed on the shoulders of giants." Terrible is that most comics don't even seem to cope with derivation "style" when imitating the works of old masters. None on this below, if the spirit moves us.—mib.]

Comics such as Supernatural Thrillers with that sensational Robert E. Howard adaptation, "Valley of the Worms." For example, and what about Conan, Kull, Thorpe, Chamber of Chills, Journey Into Mystery, Swords and Sorcery. These are all far superior to the endless soap opera Marvel also dishes out.

Things at OC are heating up also. The new Butterworth Tarzan, Wade World and Kull, Odeon's like Sword of Sorcery, Swamp Thing,

and of course Steam. Then there is Kirby's world of Mr. Miracle, The Demon, and Kamado. Sure, Kamado is saved from PLANET OF THE APES. But he's going in a different direction, there are many more differences than similarities about the two. All in all, I feel the future of comics will be a highly innovative one, particularly with Roy Thomas!

Gary Klemmer, 128 Highway Ave., Scarborough, Ontario, Canada.

—By coming out more frequently, maybe it will be possible to cover more topics. Right now, we're given broader coverage on SF/fantasy films for the last few issues, cutting down on non-fantasy topics, simply because the majority of COF's readers have indicated this as their chief preference. Coverage also means reports and critiques on films seen by more people, not features that in some little remote house or out of the way corner of the world down in the dregs, or not to fault every five films that's a victim of rotten distribution—we'd undoubtedly keep on covering neglected items just as we'd done on scores of other occasions. Conversely, we keep trying to avoid giving up precious space to commercially overexposed productions, such as most of the Universal horror films seen on TV hundreds of times over and over, unless we've got a report or an article offering a new slant. Nor does this mean giving up valuable space on stuff just because studio publicity and a maxiprogram general public seems to think it's currently "popular."

The fact that we personally believe that Establishment Comics leave a helluva lot to be desired, and that most of them are also available for just our opinion but a new shared by many of our friends within the comics industry, isn't necessarily the reason why we've temporarily dropped reviewing them. Personally, I'd like to stage such a department right away to do more or more qualified reviewers who could be reasonably objective, but each time I think doing this, the material I'd review would be serious, weary and patronizing. Eventually I would wind up handling such reviews myself, printing a few, criticizing some but roasting the hell out of most, because I won't be a struggling young writer or an ambitious fan pleasing on a comic book cover and afraid of saying the "wrong thing." Next... comic book reviewers took away a lot of the nose and energy I need for other areas of COF, not to mention that while there are probably 175 thousand comic fans and collectors (let's be generous and say 225,000), there are probably at least fifteen million Starwars film fans—and that's not even counting general moviegoers and those watching TV who are surely addicted. So, where should our limited energy and time be spent? It's not that we're money-grubbing commercialists, otherwise we'd never devote so much time and attention (in this issue) to the great little SF/fantasy amateur mag that, in most cases, don't average more than a few thousand 200 to 300 copies.—As I said, I don't believe in rigid ground rules for COF, regardless if content matter is sometimes contrary to me

## WANTED: MORE DOCTORS LIKE...



own personal views.

*Read my answer to Ron Shoran's letter in this department about Nixon and "politics. But as a person that on this topic—apart from the current Watergate hearings—confronting me more than two years old insight that the U.S. has been a victim of one of the most monstrous conspiracies in modern history (and screwed up badly as he may be, Nixon is surely the official speaking boy of the evil forces behind him) not spending a very small portion of our time and CoP's space to focus on the disastrous forces that might destroy us, at least, that our genre would be a gross evasion of our responsibility to our readers. If more concerned people weren't so damned apathetic or ignorant or chicken-livered back in the early Thirties, do you think Hitler could have ever existed, much more be responsible for a war that killed off more than 25 million people (including ten million odd Germans)? The same apathy regarding the quality and lack of integrity that destroyed dozens of comic book companies in 1954, created a limited comic book monopoly and gave birth to a silly and incestuous Comics Code.—CTB*

#### QUICK TAKES

Dear Cal: How about interviewing Chris Lee and Peter Cushing. Maybe even Vincent Price. I don't know who, but I'm yet to come across a magazine that pays even the slightest attention to these three masters of horror. Even some of the other masters of horror haven't received much attention elsewhere, such as Peter Lorre, Karlheinz and Lugosi. You do, of course, but more interviews, please! L. Becky Brothers, P.O. Box 733, Baxli, Col. 81625.

Dear Cal: I recently picked up CoP no. 19 and thought it was the most devoted, involved and interesting SF/fantasy fangz I've ever read, and I say the weirdest name, the one of your Black fans starting now (a new fan at that) and like to say your cover was fantastic as well as the info inside. Please see if you can run more in future on films like *BLACULA*, *SHOOT*, *MELINDA*, *SUPER FLY*, *BLACKPATHER*, etc., but especially Black Fantasy films, *Bernard Winand*, *Elia Mammal Center*, 212 Chisholm St., Montgomery, Ala. 36110.

Dear CTB: Hey, when are you going to do a Hammer Box tribute like you said you'd do after he died on that fateful April 13, 1964? You knew him, I assume, so you'd be best suited for it. Jack was a great artist, a fine writer, and, from what I hear, a good man. The SF/fantasy world is worse off now without him. A guy like Jack will never knock on the genre's door again. Gary John Reynolds, 9625 S. Lawrence Ave., Evergreen Park, Illinois 60642.

—*Bonnet was one of the dearest and best friends I ever had. His loss was a serious blow to me and to the whole world of imagination. We've run some of his great paintings in various times, and plan doing even more on him.—CTB*

Dear Cal: CoP's no. 19 cover was beautiful. Let's see more like them: little the Finlay idea (Finlay obviously influenced Conan's Barry Smith). Harryhausen's interview, fascinating, can't wait to see part two. Also enjoyed your Hammer film review (complete with absolutely the "Mys" in TV Movieguide's good, except you neglected to mention that *MISSION STARBUCKS* is based on the adventures of "Henry Rhodes" (probably the only reason to see it). Finally, in your review of *THE MOST CLASHING MAN ALIVE* (page 41) you called Marvin's "Luke Cage" joke. I beg to differ—the joke is insidious, the joke is not a fun-for-the-weak super hero, who happens to be Black; he is a man selling his services to anyone, a mercenary, entirely different from anything else done in comics. In fact, I think it will give Conan and GLIGA a run for their money at this year's Shazam Award ceremonies. Crispin Barnham, 1951 Wellington Rd., Lawrence, Kansas 66044.

—*Luke Cage did start out as an extremely new concept—down-trodden Black man unjustly sent to prison gets opportunity to rededicate himself, clean up ghetto crime, etc., etc.*

WANTED: MORE ACTORS  
LIKE...



(Continued on page 56)

# THE WORLD OF FANDOM



## PUBLICATIONS OF INTEREST (A PhilCat Production)

**SPECIAL EFFECTS BY RAY HARRY-HAUSEN** (\$1.00—Ernest D. Farino, Jr., 3030 Essex St., Irving, Texas 75060).

A highly outstanding and strongly recommended publication devoted to the great animator. The first two issues are sold out. No. 3 contains an in-depth interview on Ray and producer Charles Schneer plus frame blowups from "Jason and the Argonauts." An autographed glossy photo is also included. No. 4 will feature an article analyzing Harryhausen's serial frame and his flying creatures. Top quality printing with many nice stills.

**THOSE ENDURING MATINEE TOOLS** (\$1.00—Robert Malmgren, 38555 Asbury Park Dr., Mt. Clemons, Mich. 48043).

Saturday matinee serials once again come alive as you ponder the pages of this exceptional film publication. Printed on fine quality coated stock, many rare stills and poster reproductions make this a leader in the nostalgia field, and a big bargain.

**BLACK ORACLE** (3 issues) \$1.00—George Steyer, Box 2301, Baltimore, Md. 21203. No. 5 contains correspondence from

Peter Cushing, an analysis of **INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS**, plus lots more. Amazingly informative and creative and one of the best. George also has those censored **KING KONG** scenes for sale. You'll find him "Somewhere Stover the Rainbow." [I'll never know what made me leave that particular Philbuster in!] —CTB.]

**JAPANESE FANTASY FILM JOURNAL** 059—Gong Shoemaker, 2345 Clearwater Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Though this should be terribly appealing to Shogun film fans of all types, those who always hungered for more information about Japanese product will find this fine effort rewarding and offering a new slant on them. Issue No. 3 has a "Godzilla vs. The Thing" filmbook, plus listings, news, etc., of little known or unissued productions.

**LITTLE SHOPPE OF HORRORS** (73)—Richard E. Kinnerson, 808 Lakeside St., Waterloo, Ia. 50703. The outstanding feature of the next new publication is Richard's important article on Hammer, including a most complete checklist listing it back to 1947. Many unusual photos, including an interview with Roy Ashton.

**TWO WORLDS** (50)—Sue McMichael, 4329 No. Pulaski Rd., Chicago, Ill. 60630. Promising, new and enthusiastic, the first

issue starts off with a nice Chaney Jr. cover by Bill Nelson; an interview with the immortal Groucho Marx; interview with Louisa Chevre, star of "Blood Feast." A slim first issue, but filled with good pictures and intentions.

**TITLE** (754)—Allen Milgram, 13305 Ludlow, Hamletville Woods, Mich. 48070.

Well done comic fancies with above average strips & art by promising young artists like Mike Vothung and publisher Al Milgram himself. The average comic fancies doesn't usually carry material of such neat quality.

**SERIES OF WONDER** (50)—Wm. C. Schrey, 2311 Carol Dr., Leawood, Okla. 73801.

Interesting, in-depth fanzine featuring Gilroy's weekly "Mr. A," controversial to say the least. And of value to anyone, particularly *Enterpriser*: a history of the Master, Will Eisner, spanning 36 years of his career. Also, book reviews, a lettercol and other strips.

**GORE CREATURES** (50)—Gary L. Smyth, 5906 Haven Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21208.

Gary is entitled to some kind of award for publishing patiently and conscientiously so many years—5 to be

I TURNED INVISIBLE LAST WEEK AFTER EXPERIMENTING FOR FIVE YEARS.



I COULD WRITE HIS NAME ABOVE THE GREATEST SCENARIOS OF ALL TIME. I COULD MAKE THE WORLD COME AT MY FEET!



IT WAS A GREAT WONDERFUL ONE FOR. I HAD TO REALIZE THAT AN INVISIBLE MAN COULD TELL THE WORLD!



OF COURSE, IT WAS AFTER I TURNED INVISIBLE THAT I BEGAN TO REALIZE THAT COMING BACK WOULD BE MORE DIFFICULT THAN DEPARTING.



Nobody could see me come. Nobody could see me go. I COULD HEAR ANY SECRET.



YEAH, I AM INVISIBLE BECAUSE SILENT PRICES THROUGH ME, BUT IT RASA PRICES THROUGH MY EYES AND EXPOSING BRUCE IN JUNE TO MY BEAR, SO AS A RESULT, I AM BLIND.



I COULD FLY AND WALK AND TALK AND I COULD GAIN WEALTH AND FAME AND HONOR!



WOULD ANYONE PLEASE HELP FINANCE A FUTURE WORLD LEADER?



The above represents some of the material to be found in Gary Smyth's new fanzine, **GORE CREATURES**.

# ORSON KANE in FANTASYLAND



exact! Emphasis is always heavily on films, excellently handled much of the time and really in-depth. No 21 focuses on JACK THE RIPPER on the SCREEN, covering over a dozen Ripper-rye films by Ron Burt, also other articles on King, a letter-col and other goodies. Recommended

**THE NOSTALGIA COLLECTOR** (75¢-Lefter Smith, Box 166, Oakton, Ill. 60416).

A potpourri of old posters, ads, and related movie memories. No 2 emphasizes THE LONE RANGER. In an article with many photos.

**PHASE ONE** (\$5.00-John Carbarano, 4214 Glenwood Rd., Brooklyn, NY 11203).

A gorgeous wraparound cover in full color by Ken Barr. Fair to top quality interior graphics by Ken Smith, Jeff Jones, Chris Williams, De Zeege, Barr and Brunner. And an experimental photo artwork strip by Neal Adams. All on A-1 quality glossy paper. This first issue sounds expensive at \$5, but Carbarano admits it, and as a collector's item it may be worth much more some day.

**CRYPTON** (50¢-Warren S. Miller, 6 Green Ct., North Canton, Mass. 02747).

Lively articles on film, exchanges of criticism and letters between readers and articles on Terence Fisher, Vampires and fiction, all in No. 2.

**ROCKET'S BLAST-COMICCOLLECTOR** (4 Issues \$3-G.S. Love, 8875 SW 212 St., Miami, Fla. 33157).

This is probably the best marketplace in the world for collectors of comic, old mags, nostalgia-you name it! An issue averages 130 pages no less, including some unusual, off-beat articles. Highly fan oriented, fine color covers. Recommended.

**LEONARD NIMOY ASSOC. OF FANS** (50¢ price listed-Louise Stange, 4612 Denver Court, Englewood, Ohio 43023).

This fan's lower offer for Spock more evident. A lively, lively newsletter is issued, including a lot of informative Year-book chock-full of photos, etc. Lots of info on anything about Nimoy, ST and relevant topics, plus informative ads. Available by token "contribution" and mailing st.

## ... OF SPECIAL INTEREST

**MOTION PICTURE PERFORMERS** (A Bibliography of Magazine and Periodical Articles, 1800-1966), by Mel Schuster. 702 pages-\$15.00, Scamrow Press, P.O. Box 636, Metuchen, N.J. 08840.

Invaluable guide pertaining to mag and newspaper articles, and their sources, on film actors. Time to count all entries wasn't available, but the book claims they run into "thousands." Quite a number of omniscient, of course, but still a great tool for collectors, scholars and writers.

**PROTEUS** (Vol. 1, no. 1: 50¢-Tom Pyn, 32 Elwyn Ave., South Nesh, NY 10960).

Combo article/comic mag, emphasis on the APES series, WILLARD, Lon Chaney Sr., book reviews, etc. An excellent "first" issue.

## FANTASY ANTHOLOGY SPOTLIGHT:

Vic Ginepro has probably produced more fine, excellent anthologies in recent years than anyone we know of. Recently he's put out three, all of them now available in paperback form. And, all are typically excellent—simply superb.

**SATAN'S PETS** (Warner Books, 75¢). Dealing with the day when animals take over. Each story is of an animal who, Willard, the Progs. Horses, rats, cats, dogs, chickens took it back to civilization in taste by Robert Bloch, Wakefield, Laimster, Keller and other masters of the weird and far-out.

**EIGHT STRANGE TALES** (Gold Medal Books, 75¢).

In this canon of tales, the accent is on stories with macabre surprise twists authored by Ray Bradbury, Derris, Howard, C.A. Smith, Ed Hamilton and other artists.

**WIZARDS & WARLOCKS** (Warner Books, 50¢) is one of CoP's favorites. As the title implies, it deals with tales of magicians, sorcerers, witch and kin, all written by giants like Derris and Schuster, C.A. Smith, Bloch, L. Ron (planets/astronomy) Hubbard, M.R. James and more.

**VARULVEN** (75¢-Joe Valgren, 39 Beverly Road, Arlington, Mass. 02174).

Var's 4th issue is over 105 pages loaded

with material, including an interview with someone known as Cal Books. Pop in Films part one study of Val Lewton's films, and dozens of writeups on films old and new. Lots of mostly good reading and hard work behind it—and it shows it!

**IMAGINATION** (\$2.50—Orry Jubin, 138-05 78th St., Flushing, NY 11367).

Dave's put plenty of work and, indeed, imagination on gathering together the works of talented friends like Ben Wright, Jeff Jones, Neal Adams and Guy Hovine. Rather unusual is finding erotica in fantasy comic beautifully handled by Bill Shillwell. One fine quality paper sheet. Recommended.

**L'INCROYABLE CINEMA** (3 issues \$2.50, Henry Heller, Cross Press, 91 Mansborough Rd., Salford M6 7DT, England).

LIC contains elements one of the very few great non-commercial SF/fantasy film magazines. In fact, being the one responsible for the wonderful Ray Harryhausen interview in this issue of CoP, so, that'll give you some idea, issue no. 6 contains a fine in-depth article on the making and background of THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, the story of "3-D in Film," an interview with Vincent Price, plus other fine articles, and many interesting features, and great photos, all in fine quality paper. It also has the advantage of being available in England and shows it!

**BRIEF TAKES** (i.e., running out of space).

**FANDOM UNLIMITED** (\$1—Randall Larson, 774 Vista Grande Ave., Los Altos, Calif. 94022)—Variety of articles on comic, films, etc. Interview with Robert Bloch, all in issue No. 1.

**COMIC DETECTIVE** (\$1—Bert Bush, 713 Sugar Maple, Parson City, Ohio 44601). Specialist in comic strip detective. No. 2 is all about Alfred Androlle's "Merry Gosh," and first week of "Charles Chan."

**FANTASTIC** (40¢—Lee Foster, Cross Road, St. Mary's, Pa. 15557). Amateur comic featuring.

**ABRAXAS** (\$1.25—Ricky Shanklin, 2609 Fifth Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21208). Comic fms, with drug and drug strip, and good experimental graphic stories.

All publications for review should be mailed to: Gothic Castle (review), Box 43, Hudson Heights, North Bergen, NJ 07047.

*It eventually became a mauler, old-hat White paper bore rival-and-blessedly in blackface. A good premise gone to waste...CTB*

## WANTED: MORE WITCHES I



Dear CoF: I really hope you can help me, because you're my last hope in this problem. I'm interested in the graduate of Witchcraft and Voodoo but I can find any books on them how to perform their spells and that kind of stuff. If you can send me any books on Black Magic, what about someone telling me where I can get them?

Debbie Milburn, 16 Howard St., DM Bridge, N.J. 06657.

—Sorey, but too many politicians have already betwixt you to the flying omelets and Zoroaster punchbowl, though none has it that their ancestry are very hound and only work on electricity—D.C. current.—CTB

## CHRIS LEE—DRACULA REPORT

Dear CoF: In the DRACULA—1672 A.D. I agree that the reduction of Dracula to a cameo role is a sad and unfortunate thing. This is typically fretting and almost an insult to the audience. I am sure the average viewer did not come to see Scotland Yard detectives, though such characters got the most film coverage. For cops and robbers, any critic can base on the tube and indulge his filial. Others prefer something closer to the occult, which was completely absent in this film after the first twenty minutes or so. This especially a pity, since the Black Mesa sequence was a tour de force.

I am probably one of the few people in this country who has seen the Spanish rube DRACULA directed by Jesus Franco. The film was shown in New Orleans for three days at a Spanish theatre. It was in Spanish, of course, and since it had no English sub-titles I had to see the film twice in order to get a clear view of its basic structure. I felt that once again Lee was severely limited by the script and by the director in his interpretation of the role. The violence of Dracula was almost static. The Swiss quality present in his earlier films was entirely lacking, except for one scene in which he chases the female vampire lady Jonathan Parker. His physical encounters with his victims are almost entirely suggested, thus seriously reducing the sexuality and, hence, some of Dracula's charismatic power. After the first half hour photographic quality diminishes drastically in depth and texture. The effort is blacked and overexposed film which would destroy the effect of even the most brilliantly directed scenes.

Needless to say, I am furious with the recent scenes I have seen of films allegedly about Dracula. It can say in all honesty that I have never in my life seen a film about Dracula per se, but only about the silly little people that attempt to destroy him. To my mind, the only justifiable death of Dracula was in TAISTE. THE BLOOD OF DRACULA in which he was destroyed through his own brutality.

Since Christopher Lee now has his own production company, I hope that he will produce and direct a Dracula film as it should be done, with proper emphasis upon the evil and majesty of the character. If he did it correctly, it would more than rectify the blasphemy done to the

character since Hollywood decided to commercialize on the obvious money potential of the story. My best wishes to Lee, and may be left the SFantasy film to the pedestal it deserves in film art.

Johnnie Greth, 4714 St. Peter Street, New Orleans, La. 70116.

—Faxes for the Decade's journey, Johannes. We've had a detailed article review on the Spanish DRACULA on file about a year, but hasn't moved on the matter simply since we can't get a good photo of the film, and due to poor reports about it from all over (apart from the fact very few people have seen it because of terrible distribution, which may be quite understandable).—CTB



Yours truly,  
Vincent Van  
Gogh,  
the Gallery  
Ghost.

## The CoFanaddicts GALLERY

GALLERY is open to all of you who have something you care to announce, buy, sell or swap—and for anyone seeking pen-pals. It's all for free! But space limitations dictate that you keep it short and sweet, and the "rule" allows only items that profit or be businessised to use this facility.

\*\*\*\*\*

Paul Cozzini, 126 W. Mt. View, Long Beach, Calif.

Victor A. Selnick, 1916 Pease St., Haverhill, Pa. 16821. Interested in Harryhausen's special effects, especially about the Cyclops in 7th Voyage of Sinbad.

Tim Trimmer, c/o The Center, 293 Alexander St., Rochester, N.Y. 14607, see of the original CoFanaddicts.

Robert Teece, P.O. Box 733, Fostoria, Calif. 61331.

David Nitecki, 1232 Bellevue Ave., Rosauke, Va. 24514, agrees CoF is a bargain even at 75¢ and thinks the competition is "churned out crud."

Edward Pennington III, 230-73rd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11206, loves "Mothra" and is a Japanese SFantasy film fan.

Joseph A. Jones II, 414 W. 126th St. New York, N.Y. 10027.

Geoff Forrester Jr., 2 Algonquin Dr., Concord, N.J. 07016, loves the FRANKENSTEIN film and desires Monster Movie pen-pals.

Gregory Law, 754 Jefferson Ave., Elizabeth, N.J. 07201.

Frank Morris, Shippensburg College, Mowbray Hall (room 230), Shippensburg, Pa. 17257,

interested in collecting SFantasy film stuff, etc.

Scott Vincent, 231 Santa Rose Ave., Santa Rosa, Calif. 95404, is a devoted Harryhausen fan and wants to know more about animation special effects, etc.

Arthur Black, 18121 Revere Ave., Carson, Calif. 90745, has started a SFantasy club, would like to be in touch with other clubs and fans. John W. Dick, 1233 S. 11th St., Allentown, Pa. 18103.

Michael Baccarini, 3004 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19111.

Loan Terasa, 450-3rd Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215.

Rich Gibson, 700 South Ave. C, Washington, Iowa 52553, is a MONSTERS fan and wants contact with other Monster fans.

Robert Petuchaus, 17927 Watsay Rd., Strongsville, Ohio 44136.

Thomas Napolitano, 1876-53rd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11204, is a serious animation-special effects student, has made several experimental films and wants contact with others studying the subject, particularly anything on Harryhausen.

Rob Young, Box 27, Tyrone, New Mex. 86095, and Hammer, especially Harryhausen films. James Zawada, 4203 W. Rowles, Chicago, Illinois 60641, it goes over a dozen monster movies, and wants more info on Godzilla and Gigan.

Dennis Dennis, Box 446, 32nd TAC Road, So. APO, N.Y. 06232, needs material, info, etc. to start his own Thriller. May not help him out?

Neal Rogers, R.R. 2, Hummel, Iowa 50544, loves scary horror books, especially NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD.

Gary Gellin, Rt. 1, Aledo, Texas 75603, likes anything dealing with the Frankenstein Monster.

Ray and Jeff Morris, Rt. 4, Council Bluffs, Iowa 51501, declare they're about Lon Chaney Jr. fans, want stills etc. on him.

Clark Collins, 2365 W. 35th St., Muncie, Ind. 47302, wants penpals and duplicate CoF Letter column cards.

Bobby Hager, 6616 Semihart Dr., Knoxville, Tenn. 37918, is a true-blue monster movie fan. Sid Henson, 4555 Henry Hudson Pkwy., Riverside, N.Y. 10471, is an animation student and amateur filmmaker, and wants info and contact with both Harryhausen and those interested in the great Ray.

Chuck Patterson, 1775 Ben Valley Dr., Batesville, Ark. 72501, wishes contact with Chris Lee fans and any Lee stills, material, etc.

Tom Woodruff, R.R. 3, Mountauneau, Penn. 17754, collects monster magazines, especially CoF. Camella, a real nerd-in-the-wood CoFanaddict.

Steven Mahood, Clusa Bover Hwy. 1737-2nd Ave. 56, Milwaukee, Wis. 53463, has played DRACULA on stage and is a Chris Lee buff.

Reger Ward, 103 Laurel St., Ridgely Park, N.J. 07669, journals SFantasy film fan.

Charlie Giamella, Box 161, Brownsville, Kentucky 42218, is a Back Rogers comic fan and wants info. I've ordered in buying material, books, strips etc. on the subject.

Ronald R. Kirkman, 20682 Country Club, Hesperia Woods, Mich. 48223, wants help and info from all those who can provide data etc. on old and new film studies, involved with SFantasy films, e.g. Universal, Republic, etc.

Phyllis Morris, 6336 Yenkee St., Centerville, Ohio 45456, likes Harryhausen and interested in writing movie scripts.

## Just drop a line c/o CoF LETTERS

Gothic Castle  
509 Fifth Ave.  
New York, N.Y. 10017

... and we'll try using your letters in the old lettercol, or list you in the CoFANADDICTS GALLERY. And, remember. It doesn't cost you anything to join me in my Gallery. So keep on pouring 'em my way. See you next ish.

— The Gallery Ghost —



# HEROES! FILM HISTORY

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## METROPOLIS

1926 — 9 full reels — \$75.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).  
Fritz Lang's classic, which took more than two years to make, is universally acclaimed as one of the Greatest Films ever made, perhaps approached only by THINGS TO COME and THINGS TO COME for sheer visual power and camerawork. There's never been another film like this Lang classic—perhaps there may never again be one like it. SEE the devil-like workers in their terrible Underground City... Rotwang, archetype of all mad scientists, creating a robot-android in a sequence to put down ALL "creation of life" sequences! SEE some of the most tremendous special and visual effects ever devised. An SFantasy Classic!

## Lon Chaney Sr. in: THE SHOCK

1923 — 6 full reels — \$86.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).  
A collector's item. The earliest Chaney classic available in films. Under the capable direction of Lambert Hillyer (who went on in 1936 to direct the memorabilia THE INVISIBLE MAN with Karloff and Lugosi) and GRACIA LAY'S DAUGHTER, it's an excellent vehicle for Chaney in his reaching the mid-way peak of his cinematic fame.

## Boris Karloff in: THE BELLS

1926 — 7 full reels — \$88.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A great filmic trip for all measure fans, especially for Karloff-lovers, containing film gems like Lionel Barrymore and Gracie Van Seyffert. Largely inspired and heavily influenced by CALIGARI. In this earliest of all Karloff features available to collectors, Boris, King of Horror, anticipates his various roles of the future, stealing all comes in the type of weird role that would establish his career. As the strange Mesmerist, he is first found in an odd traveling circus. Karloff appears in a succession of dark and macabre scenes that rank among the screen's best.

## THE CAT AND THE CANARY

1927 — 7 full reels — \$85.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).  
The original and definitive House of Horror movie. Directed by Paul Leni, with Laura LaPlante as the girl in distress. Fabulous sets, mood and grand "spooky" atmosphere, with more things, shadows creeping about at night or behind secret panels and down dark corridors than ever shown on a screen before or since then. An orgy of haunts and thrills.



THE GOLEM

## DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

1920 — 8 full reels — \$75.00 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).  
John Barrymore took the time between great Shakespearean stage roles to star in this horror film classic which immediately established him as a film star immortal. Rated as the most chilling version of Stevenson's famous horror novel, Barrymore's transformation sequences scale the heights of the macabre. A truly frightening horror film.



METROPOLIS

## 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA

1917 — 8 full reels — \$74.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).  
Long considered a "lost" SFantasy classic, it won't surprise anyone really disappointed and shown at the N.Y. Film Festival a few years ago. Its expertise on special effects, camera work and quality remain an example of the most imaginative use of film making. The earliest SFantasy feature film spectacular ever made and the first feature version of Jules Verne's fabulous masterpiece.

## THE LOST WORLD

1925 — 8 full reels — \$97.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).  
Prehistoric monsters and dinosaur saurs in a famous Arthur Conan Doyle classic made into an all-time super-hit by Willis O'Brien, the creator of KING KONG and mentor of Ray Harryhausen. Now you can relive the daring exploits of Prof. Challenger and his friends from the nearest they meet and plan the world's most astounding expedition, as the camera and action move from London to the Andes to the depths of a wondrous region of the Andes to the... The Lost World.

## CESTINY

1921 — 8 full reels — \$58.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Created and directed by Fritz Lang, the important director of METROPOLIS, the MABUL series, SIEGFRIED and many other screen gems. A Lang film hardly requires explanation or justification. He is simply one of the greatest masters of film making that ever lived, and he proves it in this enchanting three-part mystical fantasy (and an acknowledged classic) that not only inspired Hitchcock to become a director but shows his influence in the best works of Ingmar Bergman.

## THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

1924 — 14 full reels — \$119.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

A great spectacular (running time nearly 3 hours at normal silent speed) starring the legendary Douglas Fairbanks in his heroic heyday, with Anna May Wong, Scotch and a cast of thousands, said by film authorities to put to shame the 1940 Sabu version. An Arabian Nights dream of magic, frank adventure, spectacles and wondrous special effects. The greatest Fairbanks adventure and greatest of all his films.

## THE GOLEM

1920 — 9 full reels — \$95.50 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

Now, from the Golden Age of German SFantasy-horror films, UFA's gifted masterpiece of Expressionism is being offered for the first time. Directed by and starring Paul Wegner, the Frankenstein-like Monster known as the Golem fights off friends and foes alike. He is the creation of Rabbi Low whose knowledge of ancient Jewish lore and symbolism is responsible for bringing the Golem to life. Rated among the top SFantasy films of all time, this is the original and best of all versions ever made.

## THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI

1919 — 5 full reels — \$76.75 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling).

In the history of SFantasy-horror films, no other production has ever succeeded in recapturing the utter aura of horror and unreality conveyed by this expressionistic masterpiece. Camera work, lighting and the sets alone have been admired as the most original and unusual ever seen on a screen. A soul-searing probe of mental disorder and intellectual perversion, it plunges the darker regions of horror and goes far beyond. Starring Conrad Veidt.

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CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN'S  
TOP TEN  
FILM CHOICES  
OF  
1972

The Film

- 1— SILENT RUNNING
- 2— DR. PHIBES RISES AGAIN
- 3— DELIVERANCE
- 4— SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE
- 5— LE BOUCHER
- 6— PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM
- 7— FELLINI'S ROMA
- 8— SLEUTH
- 9— FRENZY
- 10— THE GETAWAY

The Director

- (Douglas Trumbull)  
(Robert Fuest)  
(John Boorman)  
(George Roy Hill)  
(Claude Chabrol)  
(Herbert Ross)  
(Federico Fellini)  
(Joseph Mankiewicz)  
(Alfred Hitchcock)  
(Sam Peckinpah)

TDP TEN

Honorable  
Mention

- 1— BETWEEN TIME AND TIMBUKTU (PBS-TV)
- 2— "Fright Night" on NIGHT GALLERY
- 3— HARDLD AND MAUDE
- 4— TEN DAYS WONDER
- 5— DUMBO (re-release)
- 6— "The Weird Tailor" sequence in ASYLUM
- 7— DUEL (ABC-TV)
- 8— THE PIED PIPER
- 9— FRITZ THE CAT
- 10— TWINS DF EVIL

The WDRST Of The YEAR CHOICES

- |                                |                   |
|--------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1— THE GRDUNDSTAR CDNSPIRACY   | (Lamont Johnson)  |
| 2— Entire GHST STDRY tv series | (William Castle)  |
| 3— FROGS                       | (George McCowan)  |
| 4— NIGHT DF THE LEPUS          | (William Claxton) |

CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN'S Movie-Of-The-Year

SILENT RUNNING



**CoF's SLAYMATE OF The Month**

CoF goes back to 1968 to center its spotlight on Marina Melli, who co-starred with John Phillip Law in **DANGER: DIABOLIK** (directed by the ever fascinating Mario Bava).

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## 10



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## 13



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#6—The second FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN, FANTASY FEEL—report on 3rd Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival, MONSTER ON THE AIR—monsters on screen and one photos of The Shadow, Inner Sanctum and other great radio features, part 3 of SON CHANEY STORIES, confusion and answers with Hitchcock of A HITCHCOCKIAN PARTY, another FRANKENSTEIN film, Charles Collins on Robert E. Howard, MONSTERS, four years' worth of CHRIS LEE films, PARADE OF RED DEATH, UNDISCOVERED part 1 of FRANKENSTEIN TV MOVIES—listing all horror on TV



#7—Mike Perry goes to work to the set of **SIX MONSTER DIE**—interview with AIP director Dan O'Neil, Joseph E. Looney's \$15,000 Monster, Robert C. Rompage with all about the MONSTERS AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, reviews of TOMS OF LIVERPOOL, vision of SON CHANEY Jr. story, checklist of Chaneys, 3rd film, different versions of THE PUNY BURKHAN HORRORS SCREEN, TV Movie, "The Vampire, LEE & COOPER, THE AVENGERS, THE RICHARD BURTON MONSTER.



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No.13—Special All-Star Issue "2001 A Space Odyssey" an analysis, interview with RAY BRADBURY: "Fables of THE APES Return" (includes secret facts, revealed for the first time), BASIL RATHBONE Interviewed For Last Time; Jonathan FRODO profile; coverage & Data on ROSEMARY'S BABY BARBARILLA, etc.; "CAR-VAC": comic graphic in the inevitable Col' monster, "TV Or Not TV?" (what is a question?), RAQUEL WELCH.



No.14: KARLOFF SPECIAL: Tribute to Karloff "My Love As A Monster" by Karloff, HORROR FILM HISTORY INTERVIEW: RAY BRADBURY Interviewed, RICHARD BRADLEY, illustrated with comic sketches by LIN CARTER; FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED: (voice from WIZARD OF OZ, GWANG), etc.



No.15:—HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS (Part 2); MARIONED (reviewed); KARLOFF & HIS LEGACY; THE BE-LONG BOX, with Vincent Price, Reviews, Review of TASTE THE BLOOD OF ORACULA with CHRIS LEE; Mind Boggling comic: LITTLE NEIGHBOUR SMASH GORDON MEN BEHIND THE COMICS; Park Brunner; BE-NEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES; 2 different articles; THE WITCH'S BREW; fact article on fan letter cure and medicine; EDITORIAL; BOOK REVIEWS, ad interviews.



No. 16  
Part 1: ROBERT BLOCH interview—WHEN GINGOLDS RULED, Harryhausen's latest, —GORGON SLAY, and and again—THE VAMPIRE LOVES—Part 3 & conclusion of HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS—Reviewed: Two 1910's serials 1922's OR JEANIE & MARY, HY-C and MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM, by W.W. C. Easton. Horror comic: GORGON, SON'S CASE OF CONSPIRACY—Col' ADVISORY: more than 65 recent Fantasy films—Plus: Letters, Head-Rite, etc., etc., etc.







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